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# *in daring obedience*



ELOISE A. WOOLEVER



Board of Missions of the Methodist Church

**DISCARDED**

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## FOREWORD

The twelve missionaries, whose biographies follow, belong to the great cloud of witnesses who are the extension of the love and compassion of Methodist women. These twelve were not chosen because they are any more dedicated than the hundreds of others. They would be the first to say, "Why me? Others have done so much more than I have!" They have consented to appear in this booklet only as they represent all the others, who, with different names and circumstances, portray the same single-mindedness, sense of humor, selflessness, and the conviction that God recruited them for a special task.

These women came originally from various parts of the country, from many kinds of urban and rural homes. Many accomplished the impossible by securing an education before the days of liberal student aid programs. Most of them had little orientation to guide them. They had no instructions on how to make friends, or run a mimeograph machine. They have simply regarded the people to whom they were sent as those whom Christ already loved.

Overseas, in cultures so different from their own, they have dared to "play the situation by ear," to improvise as frustrations and emergencies came along. With an inner security built on the solid foundation of Christ's promise to be with them, they have put themselves in the sandals of others in order to function effectively alongside their national co-workers. Their lives turned out to be full and rewarding, but usually they have been too busy to consider the rewards.

Looking back, they have seen that God put them in various countries at very strategic times so that they have contributed, in different ways and in varying degrees, to the development of these countries. They are the forerunners of a new age of missionary activity; they have laid some sound foundations for today's Peace Corps.

In their biographies, their audacity and obedience shine through their achievements. Among these intrepid women are educators, doctors, editors, social workers, nurses, physiotherapists, rural extension workers, and evangelists. Their primary mission of witness and service has involved them in tasks they could not anticipate. They have been tinkers, tailors, handymen, homemakers, accountants, public relations officers, masons, policemen, diplomats, gardeners, interior decorators, architects, construction engineers, and sometimes "tourist" guides who led bands of refugees.



These pioneers and their sister missionaries have served as living links between the mission fields and groups of like-minded women at home. Early in the 19th century, women of the various branches of Methodism were caught up in daring acts of faith. Working against tremendous opposition, both from within and without the church, they ventured to send missionaries into foreign lands. Somehow, they found the stamina to endure and to establish missionary projects around the world.

The Methodist Church continues to send out courageous, devoted, and resourceful women who carry on the convictions, compassion, and sense of responsibility of the pioneers. Those who have gone have been assured of cooperation, support, and the undergirding of prayer by those who stayed at home. Missionary achievements have always been due in large measure to this partnership.

Rapid changes have produced a new age. The missionary task is taking on new dimensions as the church all over the world searches for a clear image of the modern missionary and ways in which she may function. Dr. Prem Nath Dass, the first Indian president of Isabella Thoburn College, sees some clear-cut contributions missionaries can make in this new age: "The church definitely needs missionaries for the guidance of those less experienced. They can serve as pastors of English-speaking churches too. Institutions need missionaries dedicated for life service for the sake of continuity as well as for the international cultural exchange and for the ecumenical witness. They can be used in specialized fields such as English teaching, religious journalism, the guidance of literature production in the vernaculars, psychiatry, and other types of medical work not yet well-manned in our country. The vast field of rehabilitating the handicapped has only just opened. In villages, missionaries can teach the people to help themselves: to improve their methods of agriculture, poultry raising, and beekeeping, to promote education, and sanitation, and to inspire family ideals."

New missionaries are needed desperately everywhere, not to imitate the ones portrayed in this booklet, but with the courage that God provides, they must be willing and eager to take whatever risks come their way. Aware of the agony of human needs and disciplined by obedience, they must be fired by a great drive to serve with others as channels of God's redemptive love. Faced with a new age, they are challenged to forget their timidity, to *dare* to be today's pioneers.

## THE AUTHOR

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Mrs. Woolever has firsthand knowledge of the church work overseas because she has traveled in Asia, the Near East, South America, and Europe, and visited many missionary projects. She has also traveled extensively in the United States. She is a frequent speaker in church groups. She is the author of the book *Declaring His Glory* that describes the missionary work of the Woman's Division at home and abroad.

Mrs. Woolever has been president of the New York State Council of Church Women. Her home-town newspaper, the *Syracuse Post Standard*, cited her as one of the twelve "Women of Achievement" in upstate New York. In 1960, she received the Arents Award from Syracuse University for "Excellence in Christian Service."

She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, and P. E. O.

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## MARCIA MARY BALL

**M**arcia Mary Ball grew up in a quiet residential suburb of Chicago—absorbed in music, books, the out-of-doors, adventure, and her family. After high school she continued to study music, especially piano and organ. She now holds bachelor's and master's degrees from the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. Just recently she completed work for a degree as a bachelor of sacred theology at Boston University School of Theology.

At twenty, Marcia was offered a job as organist in a Methodist church. A few months later she joined that church. Like many of us, Marcia had questions in her mind as to whether God wished to use her and where he wanted her to serve. These questions reached crisis proportions in the summer of 1950, a special time of indecision. In retrospect, she feels she was spiritually very susceptible to opportunities at that time. That summer she was a member of a caravan group; she was also in the process of changing jobs. She had applied to several colleges as a music teacher but prayed earnestly for a full-time church career. Her contacts with young people in the caravan made her aware of her ability to relate to them. She set her own deadline for replies to her application for jobs. When none was forthcoming, she decided to enter Scarritt College. After she had enrolled she received a letter from a small college asking her to come and teach. She turned down the offer, convinced that God must be leading her. But where?

One day at Scarritt, she overheard a girl say to an overseas student, "I could never be a foreign missionary." The other merely replied, "Why not?" This set Marcia to thinking. A few days later Dr. Nels Ferré preached at Scarritt on Acts 12:13 in which he cited the case of Rhoda, the maid in Mary's household, who knew that all the Christians were praying anxiously about Peter's imprisonment but did not open the door when he knocked because she could not believe that he would be released. Dr. Ferré tied in this incident with our own unbelief and inability to accept answers to prayers even when they are evident. For Marcia, the months of indecision were over. She applied to the

Board of Missions as a missionary. To those who grapple with similar decisions, Marcia suggests that the answers to their problems are usually obvious, and they move toward their solution only with God's guidance.

She was appointed in 1952 to Umtali, Southern Rhodesia, Africa, as a social worker. She threw all her talents into her job—her skills in directing choirs and group games, her experience with Camp Fire Girls, her ability to plan and lead worship. Then, challenged by a bishop's sermon, she decided to become a minister. She started a four-year correspondence course in theology. At its conclusion she was ordained a deacon and an elder in The Methodist Church with membership in the Rhodesia Annual Conference.

Marcia's training was needed desperately among people with almost no knowledge of Christianity. She tells about planning a Bible school for women in the village of Mtoko. She and the other mission workers discovered that only the most elementary lessons could be used among the women. This led them to form a special evangelistic team that would use Mtoko as headquarters, walking from village to village, preaching along the way. At one village when they asked if anyone knew Jesus Christ, the village chief, thinking they were asking for a local person, replied, "He doesn't live here."

Marcia describes the work of the team: "Each day followed the same pattern. We were our own cooks and dish-washers. After breakfast one taught the school children a Bible lesson while the others did camp duties. Then about 8:30 we started walking, each day in a different direction. We talked to people wherever we saw them. In one place we came upon two women in a corn patch. While the Rev. Mr. Kowo and the Rev. Mr. Muzorewa talked to them about the gospel message, two of us took their hoes and continued their work until we were all called together to pray with our new friends.

"A little farther on, a woman was busy pounding her grain. She stopped to talk with our minister. Mr. Chibanda and I took up the long, heavy poles and tried our hand at her *duri*.

"One of our major activities was summer camp in charge of Mr. Chieza. We took twenty-five youngsters plus other counselors to our camp, fifty miles away, for a week of retreat, study, and play. At this season of the year we had to plan the activities carefully because the rains came almost daily in huge downpours. The camp was always a deep, spiritual time as well as one of great fellowship.



"On New Year's Day we received a large class into church membership; many of them were campers who had now finished eighth grade and had to go elsewhere for their high school work. Since they were still so young, we were most anxious to have them go as full church members fortified against the various temptations that faced them away from home. It was a great thrill to counsel with them individually and try to help them steer their course as they started out on their own."

Marcia loves her work at the Christian Center in Umtali. "I wish you could join us around the piano with thirty children," she says, "their black eyes sparkling with fun as we sing the choruses they love so well. The youngsters try to sing the English 'I have the peace that passeth understanding down in my heart.' That is really a tongue twister for a child speaking Chimanyika. Most of the songs are in their own language such as *Kwe, kwe, kwe* (joy, joy, joy) or *In ndinoda kuteera* (I will follow Jesus). When this is over we play soccer or volleyball or basketball outside, or we color mimeographed pictures or read books in the children's library or make something out of wood or sew some simple thing or study scout tests.

"There are a million things to do at the Christian Center. While the children are playing games, the women gather for their meetings. When mothers learn the translation of the song 'Tell me the story of Jesus'—we make certain that they do their 'homework' which is to teach the song to their children.

"We start planning early for the annual Daily Vacation Bible school. One year I taught Christian symbols to a class of eighth graders. For a class project we made 'stained glass windows' of thick cardboard and cellophane to put in the prayer room. They were most effective and the young people were mighty pleased. This same group then decided they wanted to put on a full-length play, *The Life of David*. The choir and male quartet helped us between scenes and the young players were thrilled to perform before a packed house."

Marcia was excited about a visit to Chikwizo, a mission station run largely by African Christians. She writes, "The area has practically every disadvantage one could imagine: wild animals, poor water supply, roads that are barely paths, twenty dangerous miles to any kind of help, diseases of many different kinds, and above all the deadly tsetse fly. Every African pastor who has served there has spent a few months each year in the hospital with malaria or some

other serious disease. Yet the work has gone on. At Chikwizo you will find a large church, a school up to fourth grade, and a small clinic. Africans have contributed money and volunteers continue to work.

"At one Annual Conference a young volunteer teacher mentioned that she could do evangelistic work farther afield if she had a bicycle. This challenged the delegates who decided to sponsor this project. Then and there forty dollars was collected to purchase the bicycle. At the last sunset devotions we had a short dedication ceremony in which the bicycle was presented to the volunteer missionary."

In 1958, Marcia's work changed its base. She was assigned the responsibility for Sunday schools and for a series of women's Bible schools in different parts of the Conference. One of the first reports she received came from the Conference African children's worker:

"We had a very wonderful time at Chiramba with sixty-two children. They learned to play kindly and to share with each other. They especially liked stories about God and Jesus. Many children told their parents what they had learned. We also visited many homes and were welcomed by the people. We visited forty-five homes that month. On the last Sunday we had a wonderful service to which more than two hundred people came. Grown-ups were surprised to hear the little ones reciting from memory. After the verses the children sang merrily. Some were chosen to preach little messages. Everybody listened very attentively. A little boy of three gave two of the Ten Commandments." On the strength of such a report you can imagine how eager Marcia was to get to work.

Marcia's music has always been a tremendous asset. After a week's institute for conference choir directors she reported, "This is the first time I have ever had to command people to drop their work to go to eat. We spent long hours delving into harmony and ended triumphantly by composing a harvest hymn and a shorter piece that we labeled 'Doxology.'"

Many churches and clubs in the United States heard the Rhodesian Ambassador quartette when the group toured America in 1959 and 1960. Marcia Ball had trained the quartette in ancient and modern African music; they themselves were living examples of missionary work.

Another assignment that Marcia finds very challenging is directing the literature and literacy program of the Southern Rhodesian Conference. Opportunities in this area are unlimited.



Christians, along with the entire population of Rhodesia, are being profoundly affected by the tides of change running swiftly through the country. There is greater need than ever for Christian insight and guidance. No wonder discussion groups reflect the confusion and bewilderment of a people groping for an ideal, realizing from their Bible that they are supposed to take their place as free and responsible citizens in the brotherhood of men but not quite knowing the way. At the same time they have to choose among many ideologies all bidding for their allegiance. "In the midst of the changes," Marcia writes, "our church is growing. African leadership is emerging; most of the cabinet of the Bishop is now African. It makes one very proud to see these men shoulder heavy responsibilities."

Marcia sees a bright future for the African church: "Many expanding fields of mission work are unfolding; we are doing old established mission work in different ways and pioneering in entirely new areas. We need trained Africans to develop urban recreation, religious journalism, and creative writing programs, people to sponsor indigenous art forms, experts in sociology to show how the church can speak on moral issues of the day. We have some of these, but always there is a wistful glance toward what we could achieve if we had additional staff and money with which to train more.

"If it has been the role of Christians in the past to lead, and their role in the present to minister, it will be their role in the future to consolidate. What do we see in the days ahead? An indigenous church coming more and more into its own, arising strong and glorious, carrying on its expanding task, developing its own missionary program, pushing forward into areas as yet unchurched, and incorporating into its life a partnership of Africans and missionaries that recognizes the unique contribution of the individual regardless of his race, and gives full opportunity to develop his talents. The church will not have missionary and national workers, it will have fraternal workers, and will be a perfect blend of talents from all corners of the earth."

As Marcia looks ahead to times of unrest and change, she ponders about their effect on her work. She thinks of the old African lady who came forward for baptism and was asked by the Bishop, "Do you desire this baptism?" She answered stoutly, "That's what I came for!"

"No matter what lies ahead this year or this decade," says Marcia, "that's what we are here for. And with God's help we tackle the future."

## LORRAINE BUCK

**D**ictators in Latin America come and go. Christian social projects and teaching, started by missionaries like Lorraine Buck, will endure.

Lorraine's favorite pastime as a little girl was "playing missionary." "I was brought up on missions," she says, "my mother was in charge of the junior missionary society in our church. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to become a missionary when I grew up."

After graduation from her home town high school in Bessemer, Alabama, Lorraine went to Huntington College, formerly the Woman's College of Alabama, in Montgomery. In college she was active in the YWCA and the Student Volunteer Movement, all of which was good groundwork for a missionary. She majored in home economics, received her A.B. degree and then had two years of training at Scarritt College.

Lorraine began her career as a missionary in the Centro Cristiano in Chihuahua, Mexico. The center had been in operation just two years before she came. Instruction in cooking, sewing, and English for working people and students? Day care for underprivileged children? Unheard of! Lorraine tackled traditional barriers along with teaching, thus pioneering in Christian social work when the idea was new in Latin America.

She followed this work with four years at Colegio Roberts in Saltillo, Mexico, teaching Bible, English, and home economics to young women.

In 1935, the Board of Missions asked her to leave Mexico and go to Colegio Irene Toland in Matanzas, Cuba. There she taught Bible and English in the commercial high school and counseled with students from the time they entered as first graders until they were graduated from the high school department. Many of them never forgot Lorraine Buck. Several years after she left Matanzas she returned for a school reunion and was greeted by one of her former pupils. At that time he was a professor in a large Havana school and an international leader in the Boy Scout movement. He



told her that he still treasured a devotional booklet she had given him when he was a boy.

In 1938, Miss Buck pioneered in the first Cuban rural project. She and another missionary began their work in Omaja, an out-of-the-way village in Oriente Province. Their home became a center for the people of the area but reaching the women was as difficult here as it had been in Mexico. For centuries Spanish women had been cloistered behind the grilled windows of their homes. Many young people, though, participated in the training institutes and projects offered by the missionaries. At one time, one of their large work camps concentrated on grubbing out the thorn bushes that choked the fields of small farmers in the district. The missionaries also had to be skilled in first aid for the village had no doctor.

From Omaja, the missionaries moved on to the sugar mill town of Baguanos in the same province. Miss Buck reports, "Our work began with children and young people. The first young man we sent to a young peoples' conference returned bubbling over with enthusiasm. He was impressed with the various organizations of the church and interested in what church groups were doing in other parts of the island. Almost his first remark was, 'You know, Miss Buck, our next project should be to organize a Woman's Society.'

"The people took us under their wing. We spent endless days on horseback out in the country where we had meetings with the women and children, or held services for groups. Several neighbors always watched for our homecoming and in just a little while someone would come to our door with a hot supper for us."

All over the island there are preachers, teachers, doctors, pharmacists, and wives of ministers whose lives had been shaped in these rural centers. The administrator of the sugar mill, more perceptive than most, realized that the center had given the people a feeling of self-respect.

Lorraine played the violin. She admits, "I didn't play very well but it was helpful because it was the only musical instrument we had at first. Then too, I could carry the violin on horseback whenever we had meetings in the country. I remember one occasion when we went to a village about fifteen miles away. People came from miles around for the service. I played the hymns on my violin. One little girl of twelve came up to me and said, 'You know this is the first time I have ever heard a piano.' People everywhere loved to sing and the violin helped them learn the tunes.

Sometimes I think I was remembered more for the violin than for anything else."

Lorraine loved rural work and thought she was in it to stay. But the Board of Missions had other plans for her. She relates the change in these words: "One night when the house was filled with young people, some reading, some playing table games, and still others listening to the record player, we heard the whistle of the 'line car,' the shuttle that carried passengers and mail between the sugar mill and the main line of the railroad. The whistle was the signal for 'mail call.' We trooped to the post office to hear the postmaster call out the names of those who had letters.

"In my mail was a letter from the Board of Missions asking me to go back to Matanzas, this time to serve on the planning committee of the new Union Theological Seminary and possibly to teach some classes. I hated to leave Baguanos but I will always be grateful for the assignment at the Seminary and for the associations with young men and women of different denominations, future leaders of our Evangelical churches in Cuba.

"I even continued my rural work, supervising the young people who taught in communities around Matanzas. One of these, Nancy, taught in a fishing village about fifteen miles away. She was greatly concerned because the community had no church of any kind. She appealed to the pastor of our church and he asked me what we could do. We decided to go from door to door in Nancy's community. To our surprise we found people who were most interested in regular services. Finding a place in which to hold them was a problem. To our delight, the owner of the local theater gave us permission to use it when he wasn't showing movies.

"It was by no means an ideal place: to reach it we had to pass through another room where a juke box blared and men played pool. At first we had difficulty making ourselves heard but people continued to come. After several weeks, the music and horseplay outside ceased when our meeting began. The men stopped their pool games and came in to the service. Many had never been in a church.

"In a couple of years the people asked for a church organization. I had an eager class of candidates for membership. The questions they asked kept me busy studying in order to keep up with them. Finally Easter Sunday came; they were ready to become Methodist church members. I carried some lovely Easter lilies to the service. Juanito, a dirty, ragged little fellow who never missed any of our meetings, was already there. He sat for a few minutes, then left.



Soon he was back, still ragged but clean. His mother told me later that he had raced home in order to have a bath and put on clean clothes because Miss Buck had brought lovely white flowers and he couldn't sit there dirty!

"During one of our evangelical campaigns, we had a preacher from the United States with us for a week. He was so impressed with the congregations he went home and raised money for a church building. Land was given us by the International Harvester Company. Friends in the States and people in the community contributed and before long we had a beautiful little church, the pride of the village.

"The steeple had a cross that we lighted at dusk. After the first month's light bill came in we realized we didn't have the money to light the cross every night. When we went to the village for services the next week, men and boys met me with 'Miss Buck, the cross was not shining last night.' Their community, Boca de Camarioca, is at the mouth of the Camarioca River where it empties into the sea. Most of the men and boys make their living by fishing. At night they kept in sight of the cross and were not lonely. When the light did not shine they felt lost. Again God answered prayers. A gift of money came from the States. The villagers raised money too. We kept the cross lighted to remind the fishermen of the love of Christ for them."

Miss Buck was in the Seminary for nine years. Then she was moved again, this time to Colegio Buenavista in Marianao, Havana. She says, "I definitely did not want to go. I had never dreamed of being the director of a school and it took lots of praying before I was willing. Yet I am thankful to God to have had a part in training promising young women and also for the contacts with their parents. In my office I always had opportunities to witness for Christ. It was our custom to explain to applicants and their parents that we taught the Bible and that all students attended chapel. No one objected to this. At one time a mother told me that her neighbors criticized her severely for sending her daughter to a Protestant school. She wanted to know just what we believed and taught. After our conversation she said, 'I consider it a privilege to have my daughter enrolled in this school.'

"Often we were discouraged because progress seemed slow. Then we remembered positive things such as a letter from a university in the States. The letter reported the graduation with honors of one of our former students and congratulated us on the type of girls we trained.

"Another time we received a note from a young woman

in the States. She had studied at Buenavista on a scholarship. Now she was working and wanted to repay in a small way what the school had meant to her. Letters such as these warmed our hearts."

Early in 1961, Miss Buck came home. The turmoil in Cuba had created a situation in which the lives of friends were endangered by the presence of American missionaries on the island. She now lives in Miami and works with the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief serving the Cuban refugees.

What of the future of the church in Cuba? Miss Buck says, "When I went to Cuba twenty-seven years ago, American missionaries had to be the leaders. Efficient and consecrated Cubans have gradually taken over these places. Today there are no missionaries in Cuba. We do not know if we will ever return, but we do not fear for the church because of the courage and dedication of our Cuban brothers."

These men and women, many of whom were trained by missionaries of the Woman's Division, are the mainstay of Christianity in Cuba. Without hesitation they undertake projects that require Christian leadership. They realize that their ministry to their fellow countrymen involves risk. But they insist they have inherited their responsibilities and opportunities: "We learned from the missionaries who worked with us when we were young. Those dedicated women seemed to think nothing of sacrifice; we too came to regard it as a normal way of life."

## ELIZABETH JANE CLARKE

“Over two hundred bright-eyed seventh grade girls, tense with anticipation, waited to receive their school pins from the principal at the beginning of the new school year. They were students in Fukuoka Jo Gakuin, a Christian school for girls in Japan. And I was one of the teachers assigned to meet sections of their classes twice a week for fifty minutes of oral English.

“‘This is a pencil.’ ‘This is a red pencil.’ ‘My name is Michiko.’ ‘You are my teacher.’ ‘I am a student.’ The first faltering steps! Repeat! Repeat! Papers to grade! Class hours to plan! Tests to make out! Special help to those who needed a little extra boost! Seventh graders learning a new skill that would open vast worlds of communication and understanding. I was part of that!”

Thus Elizabeth Jane Clarke described her work as a J-3 (a worker sent to Japan for a three-year term) in Fukuoka Jo Gakuin. After receiving her B.S. degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1946, followed by two years of public school teaching, she joined the first group of short termers to Japan in 1948. How did she happen to go?

Elizabeth Jane, later known as “Liz” by her friends, is a p.k. (preacher’s kid). Her story begins naturally in a parsonage: “I am thankful for the wonderful home in which I grew up. Many times it demanded more than I had to give. Preachers’ kids often feel that standards are higher for them than for others. And they probably are.

“Faith and assurance enriched our home, making it a place that reflected God’s loving care, opened wide for sharing. We had rewarding contacts with all kinds of folk who came for a variety of reasons. Frequently, Mother would be confronted with unexpected dinner guests because ‘a cup of tea’ had a rather generous interpretation for Dad. Yet Mother wasn’t flustered; she welcomed friends, new and old, to whatever we had.

“In retrospect, I marvel at my mother’s ability to create such a home while carrying heavy responsibilities in women’s work in the days of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary



Society and later in the Woman's Society of Christian Service. She was the first president in the formative years of our Conference Woman's Society of Christian Service.

"In his friendly cheery way, Dad often put me on the spot for the public presentation of some experience. I hated it then; now I can see what excellent practice it was. His encouraging 'keep smiling' always served as a farewell to friends as well as the closing of every letter I received. He took seriously the responsibility and challenge of the gospel."

Elizabeth grew up in the church. The Methodist Youth Fellowship, summer institutes, Methodist youth caravans, and then, the vice-presidency of the Wisconsin Methodist Student Movement helped prepare her to respond to "God's moment," the call for Christian youth to go to Japan at the close of World War II. She was assigned to Fukuoka Girls School.

Elizabeth tells how she became a regular missionary. "The circumstances that influence the making of a decision differ for each one of us," she says. "It may be a book, a person's offhand remark, the advice of a friend, a speech, or a movie that strikes at the heart. More rarely, it is the soul's searching for God's will, mysteriously uncovering factors that can no longer be ignored, try as we may. Sometimes too, a decision that at first seems so final and right grows uncertain.

"Such was my experience in deciding to be a regular missionary. Three years as a J-3 had opened my heart to many things. What I had learned from dear Japanese friends and co-workers, some Christian and some not, much wiser than I, had left an indelible impression. As I reviewed these three years, I relived the inadequacies of the first year, the struggle to understand customs and language. The second year had brought limited ventures of creative endeavor. Not until the end of the third year, had I felt that I was a productive member of the community of Christian workers in the city and school."

A friend who knows her well differs with Elizabeth's evaluation of these three years. She says, "Elizabeth was an excellent English teacher, but she wasn't a bookworm. Her outstanding characteristics were her personal interest in the welfare of each of her students and her skill in counseling with them. Her hearty laugh and enjoyment of indoor and outdoor games made her popular with students and teachers. Through study and practice she became adept in the Japanese language. She cultivated a liking for Japanese food and was often a guest in the homes of her students."

The three exciting years ended. Of her return Elizabeth says, "Physically I was in the United States; my hopes, my concern, my friends were in Japan. While traveling on American trains, I would see in my mind's eye the mountains, the seashore of the country I had come to love, faces of people flashed into view, and JAPAN—JAPAN resounded from the wheels and tracks. What was happening to Yuriko, the young Christian in her second year of college? Was Dr. Matsui worshiping each Sunday in Sato *sensei's* church? What words would help him become a Christian? How would Mr. Bessho and his wife, critically ill with tuberculosis, make out? Although Japan dimmed in its intensity, the concern about these friends continued to be part of all that was important to me."

Then Elizabeth accepted a call to Allen High School in Asheville, North Carolina, where an interracial faculty teaches a Negro student body. She says, "At Allen High School I had an opportunity to participate in the development of a religious program balanced with academic life. This is such a critical issue in the Christian schools of Japan. Also, living in a minority situation in one's own country helped me to learn at firsthand what this might mean to Christians in Japan."

"In 1954, I decided to do additional study. I did not know what the future might hold, but realized graduate study was a requisite for whatever I might teach. I resigned my position at Allen after two satisfying years, and the following summer, started on a trip to the Scandinavian countries—a dream of long standing."

"In Denmark I came to know the American-Scandinavian Foundation with its program of study in Danish folk schools. I was offered a scholarship to participate, an opportunity too good to miss. What did God want me to do? Where did this fit into his plan for my life? True, I was uncommitted for the fall except for graduate study. Couldn't this privilege count toward a graduate degree even if I returned to Japan? Pray? That I did most earnestly! Weigh the assets and liabilities? Yes, most objectively!

"On a trip to Copenhagen from our center, a friend and I visited its celebrated cathedral. We were anxious to see the well-known Thorvaldsen statue of Christ. Once inside, we were drawn to the dominant figure of the Christ; we knelt at the altar under his outstretched arms. What I had heard was true! One could see his face only by kneeling at his feet and looking up. There in the solitude of that holy place, we stayed for some time, faces upturned to the

strong, penetrating eyes of the Christ. As I bowed my head in prayer, with amazing clarity the answer came for the days ahead.

"I felt certain that I should accept the opportunity to study in the special folk school program in Denmark. I canceled my boat reservation, and proceeded to complete the details necessary for enrollment in the American-Scandinavian Foundation. I began the orientation and language study preliminary to the assignment.

"It had seemed so right! Yet, God pursues us in mysterious ways. In a few days doubts swept over me. Was this MY will, not GOD'S? Willfully in a sense and yet I believe with sincerity, I had interpreted everything to fit my own desires. But God did not let it rest. He persisted, in love, as he always does, supplying the insight and fortitude to face up to ourselves and his will, if we let him.

"For the first time in my life I could not sleep at night. Something was wrong. Foremost in my thoughts was Japan and what I knew would be my final decision to return. Wouldn't this experience in Denmark contribute much to my work in Japan, I asked myself. After this study was finished would be time enough to make the final decision, I reasoned. But constantly His thought dominated, 'Japan is where I need you. Now you must decide.' For me these days proved to be a testing time of spiritual crisis.

"Late one evening after several days of struggle I walked alone on a country road out of the little town in which I was staying. The way seemed so dark—when suddenly a light shone through the blackness, the light of a distant home. That light was a signal to my heart of God's presence and his guidance. An assurance unlike anything previously experienced gradually steadied me. Difficult as it would be, I would tell the family with whom I was living that I must leave because I had to return to the United States as quickly as possible to begin the REAL study ahead of me. I knew that God wanted me in Japan NOW. I could do no less than follow Him.

"Quickly the next weeks flew by. I returned to the United States and enrolled in Columbia University. In almost unbelievable ways doors opened and what might have been difficulties were resolved without delay and trouble. I submitted my statement of purpose to the Woman's Division of Christian Service as a regular missionary to Japan. Ahead of me were three years of preparation: one year of graduate and two years of language study, but I started with joyful expectation.



"Carrying out my decision has brought responsibilities heavier than I anticipated. Many times I felt that I was stepping off a steep precipice into the unknown. When I learned that I had been reappointed to Fukuoka Jo Gakuin I was eager to work under Miss Yoshi Tokunaga, that spiritually keen Christian leader who had served as principal for twenty-four years. But this was not to be. She died a short time later. Her death, as her life, deeply impressed me. I can never forget her statement, 'Our school is a Christian school dedicated to Christian education. This must be kept central in all that we continue to do.' This has been true throughout the seventy-five years of its history. Few of the girls were Christian when they entered; upon graduation, many had accepted Christ.

"I have come to owe so much to Miss Yae Kakizono, the present principal of the school. I have been inspired by her utter dedication, humility, and sacrifice to the unsought task placed upon her. Other teachers and staff have been a source of uplift and encouragement as all have worked together to keep the focus on the religious life of the school."

After a year's furlough, Miss Clarke was assigned to another important school, the Junior College for Women, of Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo. This institution likewise seeks to fortify its graduates with Christian character-building, a thorough foundation in English studies, and an international outlook. Elizabeth Clarke continues to serve her adopted country as she helps prepare its future leaders.

Elizabeth concludes, "I am a teacher. For the missionary teacher, teaching is never a means to an end. The class is not a 'captive' audience to whom one preaches during English sessions. Yet we hope the foundations of our faith and what we have experienced in knowing God's love and forgiveness will permeate the classroom. So much of our faith is caught as well as taught. As a missionary teacher, I am obliged to be the best, the most challenging English teacher I can be.

"The role of the teacher is exciting in any case, but as a missionary teacher it is especially thrilling in its dynamic personal involvement. The classroom, the faculty meetings, the committees, the give and take in planning and executing a project in the YWCA, student clubs, choir, any endeavor becomes an opportunity for friendship between students and teachers and between fellow teachers. *Always* there is that moment of expectancy when one can introduce one friend to another Friend."

## CILICIA L. CROSS

**K**ansas-born Cilicia Cross was determined to get an education. When she was forced to drop out of the State Teachers College in Valley City, North Dakota, for lack of funds, she went right to work to earn another year's tuition. She was teaching in a small country school when an evangelist came to town. Cilicia had been a church member since childhood, but now for the first time she experienced a deeper sense of Christian living. On the closing night of the services, the minister prayed that pastors, deaconesses, and missionaries might be called from the large group of young people who had attended the meetings. "Yes, Lord, let me be one of them," Cilicia echoed. "From that moment on," she says, "I knew that very soon God would lead me into full-time Christian service. I only waited for his time."

Cilicia began to prepare for the future at the Chicago Evangelistic Institute, training, she thought, for deaconess work. "I had never heard enough about the Lord's work in other countries," she explained, "either to be interested or indifferent." At school this attitude changed. Each evening after dinner the students met to pray for missions, choosing a different country each night. Often there was a letter containing definite prayer requests from a missionary to some friend in the school. "Gradually," Cilicia says, "God's sheep in other folds became very real to me."

In this way Miss Cross learned of a crisis in Rhodesia. A missionary, Emma Norris, had been left alone because of the illness of a co-worker. She asked for prayers for strength to carry the extra load. Cilicia had never considered Africa as the place where God might use her. Indeed, she feared Africa because around the turn of the century it was called "the white man's grave" and the "dark continent." But as she thought and prayed, she became convinced that Africa was her destination. She already loved its people, unseen.

In 1912, she was accepted by the Minneapolis Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, was commis-



sioned and appointed to Luanda, the capital city of Angola, Portuguese West Africa.

Learning Portuguese was the next step. The "raw recruit," as she called herself, set out for Lisbon, Portugal. Fog, subsequent delay and misunderstanding held up the person assigned to meet her. She went ashore alone, put her baggage through customs without understanding a word or making herself understood. Cilicia says, "After that nightmarish ordeal I thought nothing would ever frighten me again."

For six months she lived in the home of a teacher, concentrating on language study. Later, Cilicia said these months were the most depressing and discouraging of her whole missionary career. Her outlook changed when she sailed for Luanda on a Portuguese ship and to her delight found she could converse in stilted fashion with her fellow travelers.

The missionaries welcomed her to Luanda on Thursday, she was assigned to the primary schoolroom beginning Monday. "Expect me to start teaching with the little Portuguese I know! Utterly impossible!" she exclaimed. But on Monday morning there she was facing forty smiling children. Their rapid-fire answers to her questions were followed by questions of their own. She was nearly floored, but she learned that a missionary works, ready or not.

Before long the boarding school in Luanda was closed because the children could attend a local day school. Miss Cross was transferred to Quessua, three hundred miles away in the interior to a boarding school for girls under the direction of two remarkable Negro women, Susan Collins and Martha Drummer. In later years, Miss Cross described Miss Collins as "a kind mother whom I loved dearly. I learned much from her gentle patience and out-and-out goodness." Martha Drummer, born of slave parents, had taken her college work at Clark University, deaconess and nurse training in Boston. She had a quick wit that enlivened every day. Cilicia took over her duties so that she could go to the villages as a Bible woman.

World War I broke out. For four years, two Negro and two white missionaries cared for a girls' school of forty and a congregation of one hundred. In the entire Conference, nine missionaries held the work together until those who were stranded at home by the war could return.

Cilicia's work settled into a pattern. Five days she taught from eight o'clock to five. On the sixth day she traveled to Malange for two lessons, one in Portuguese and one in

Kimbundu, the native language. On the seventh day there were church and Sunday school. "I had no trouble deciding what to do with leisure time, for there wasn't any."

During her first term, Cilicia accompanied Martha Drummer to unevangelized villages. No jeeps then—everything had to be carried on the backs of men. Traveling in hammocks, each missionary needed eight men, two to carry the hammock two hours in turn, while the others transported the baggage. Since everything—beds, bedding, food, tent, lanterns, kerosene, and medicine for the sick—had to be taken, the loads were heavy.

Miss Drummer was light as a feather but Cilicia was made of sturdier stuff. The carriers used their wives to lessen the miles they carried her. "She has a good pair of feet and a kind heart," they assured each other in her hearing. After this remark how could she do otherwise than walk?

The carriers were courteous and responsible, full of humor and possessed of a natural dignity and chivalry that never ceased to delight and amaze Cilicia. They entertained her too as they mimicked the missionaries, imitating their voices, their mannerisms, and recounting their many mistakes. All through the years she went alone fearlessly with her carriers into regions where white women had never been.

On the trip with Miss Drummer, the carriers and the church people of the little villages gathered around the campfire at night and after songs and prayer a lesson from the Bible was explained. Then the carriers would talk, giving snatches of history, legends, and their native wisdom.

When the Drummer-Cross safari arrived at its final destination, its members were greeted by a native chief dressed in a European coat but wearing a skirt that signified his rank. He gave them permission to stay in his village in a big two-room pole guest house. Worn out by the journey, the American *senhoras* slept in spite of the usual African invasion of insects. For the first time, Cilicia saw grass huts with earthen floors, low doors, no windows, and cobwebs hanging like ropes overhead. For furniture each person had a grass mat on which he slept at night, sat on in the sun, and used under a pot of sour mush at mealtime.

Cilicia visited the homes of students in her school and understood the chasm between their primitive bush huts and the school, modest as it was. Many things impressed her: the natural rhythm of the Africans, their songs while they worked—gardening, threshing, husking, carrier songs.



She realized that they listened respectfully to the "words of God" but she kept wondering how much they comprehended. How could so few missionaries make an impression on so many? She comforted herself by thinking that with God nothing is impossible. Thirty years later when she went back to one of the villages they had visited, there was a large new church; the congregation had grown to two hundred; the villagers were clothed, clean, and lived in better houses.

Cilicia remembered her first term as a veritable nightmare. When her furlough finally came, she was happy. The strangeness of the people, language difficulties, homesickness, monthly attacks of malaria, and a near-fatal bout of blackwater fever almost convinced her that she would never have the courage to continue in Africa. Fortunately, it took three months to get back to America during World War I. When she reached San Francisco, she had regained her health, vigor, and courage. She was actually homesick for her African children.

Her second term was spent largely in building a new school for girls. For two years she was the only missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Angola. She lived alone at the school site in the midst of two hundred native workmen, and supervised the construction of nine adobe houses. Every bit of adobe was handmade, every stone was quarried on top of the mountain and carried on human heads to the building spot. During these strenuous days she learned to know and appreciate the African, in turn she showed him day-by-day Christianity.

During her third term more and more pupils came to *Ecola Henda*, the School of Love, a name chosen by the girls themselves. She began the first year with an enrollment of 150, which by March had grown to 180. Children had to be turned away even though another room was added to the new dormitory. The girls went to school a half day and worked in the gardens the other half, thus raising much of their food and at the same time learning better gardening methods. Cilicia supervised the gardening and the preparation of food. The school kept a herd of cattle that provided milk and meat. All this meant that Cilicia was farmer, teacher, homemaker, and general handyman.

Gradually other missionaries were added to the staff. Better still, some of the African graduates of the school became teachers. A younger missionary working with Miss Cross relates an incident that reveals the warmhearted, loving care Miss Cross gave her African friends as well

as her practical approach to the problems: "I shall always remember my first lesson in African home nursing. We went to call on a woman who was very ill with typhoid fever. The doctor was there too with medicine and advice about diet. We looked around for a cup or dish and found only an old rusty tin can. Miss Cross washed it, took some of the cleanest water available and boiled it in the can over a little fire on the ground. After giving the medicine with the cooled water, she prepared some soft food for the patient and helped her take it. She smoothed the blanket that served as a mattress over the mat on the hard wooden bed, shook up the little grass pillow and adjusted it under the sick woman's head. She tucked the other blanket around her, and offering a short prayer, committed her to the tender care of the Heavenly Father. After that she assured the woman she would soon be better, a promise that came true."

As the mission grew, new branches of work developed. One of these was a Bible training school for future preachers. Cilicia added the teaching of a daily class to her other duties. She enrolled a few girls in the training school because she felt that girls as well as boys could profit by these courses. For twenty years she continued this teaching assignment, for eight years she was in charge of the school. Some of these students showed extraordinary initiative in village leadership.

A colleague of Miss Cross's tells how she learned of a rather unusual course taught at the Bible school. "I went one day to visit a village school. The pastor-teacher showed us a carpenter teaching his trade to a group of boys under a tree. Then we went to a house where a shoemaker had his class. Next we saw a sewing machine and some small garments the boys had made. We asked who taught the tailoring and the pastor said, 'I do.' 'Where did you learn it?' 'Why, in the Bible school. Miss Cross brought us a machine, cloth and patterns, and then showed us how to cut and make suits for ourselves. Look, I make all my suits.'"

During the summer vacations Miss Cross held special revival services in village churches, a week in each place. Each May a camp meeting of one to two thousand Christians would gather near Quessua Mountain for spiritual refreshment. Cilicia did part of the preaching.

Principal of the girls' school, dean of the Bible school, and conference evangelist—any one of these was a full-time job. However, in 1936, due to a great shortage of men on

the Quessua mission staff, Miss Cross was appointed as supply pastor. She accepted with fear and trembling, not knowing how the congregation would react to a woman preacher. They accepted her gladly. During the next five years the church grew from 200 to 550, and the Sunday school from 300 to 900.

The girls' school expanded, a new home economics unit was added. To her delight, Miss Cross now had facilities to train girls in homemaking—something she had been doing for years without space or equipment!

In 1954, the time came for Miss Cross to retire. This was her summary: "During my forty years in Angola the status of women has risen steadily. The present home life of Angola Christians bears little resemblance to the crude, utterly primitive conditions I found in 1914. How quickly the busy years flew by! I would gladly do it all over again for the African people and for the building of God's Kingdom."

After retiring, she lived with a sister in Los Angeles. In January 1963, she moved into an apartment in a duplex house in Odell, a joint venture of Cilicia and her brother, John, in the Hood River Valley of Oregon. She was very happy furnishing the apartment, entertaining friends, and speaking to church groups about her beloved African people. In February 1963, she became ill. She died February 28, and was buried near Odell, under the shadow of Mount Hood in the beautiful Oregon orchard country.



## MARJORIE A. DIMMITT

“It was Greencastle, Indiana, and DePauw University that did the chief molding—after my family,” says Marjorie Dimmitt, retired missionary teacher from Isabella Thoburn College, India. “Knox College and Wellesley made a deep impression on me, too, but DePauw was my father’s college; my maternal grandfather and two uncles had also studied there. So it seemed my college, too. As a child, instead of being spanked for naughtiness, I was threatened with ‘If you aren’t good you can’t go to DePauw when you grow up.’ Just after my tenth birthday we moved to Greencastle. You can imagine my excitement and how I craned my neck out of the cab window all the way to our new home.”

Marjorie’s father and both her grandfathers were Methodist ministers. “From my cradle,” she recalls, “I was surrounded by an enthusiasm for missions. We treasured Mother’s collection of curios from mission lands: a brass idol, a miniature Chinese coffin covered with exquisitely embroidered silk, tiny embroidered shoes actually worn by a Chinese lady with bound ‘lily feet,’ a pair of chop sticks, and so on. When I was five or so I heard about the child widows of India. I decided then I would be a missionary. As I grew older, I participated more and more in church activities.

“But during high school and early college years I rebelled against my earlier goal. I decided I would be a librarian; then I wanted to be a teacher. In my senior year at DePauw, friends who were members of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions urged me to join their band. I held back until inveigled into attending one of their meetings to hear my philosophy teacher, Dr. Lisgar R. Eckardt. After the meeting, he wheeled around suddenly, fixed his glowing deep-set eyes on me and demanded, ‘Why don’t *you* go?’ A ten-minute chapel talk by another beloved professor, Raymond W. Pence, was the crowning challenge.”

After graduation Marjorie spent a golden year and a half studying English literature at Wellesley College. Then a telegram lured her back to DePauw to teach. In Greencastle

she was "on wings," having found her true vocation in college teaching. But at commencement time came another telegram, this one from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, urging her to begin her missionary career at once. She had planned an interim of work and training, but the new offer from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was to teach English in Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India. This seemed to her the choicest of all missionary appointments and a sheer miracle that it should come to her, for the name Isabella Thoburn had been a household word in the family. Miss Thoburn and Marjorie's grandmother had been friends and members of the same church in Cincinnati. Marjorie was ecstatic.

Her full support was undertaken by her father's charge, the First Methodist Church in Galesburg, Illinois, where she had had her sophomore and junior years in Knox College. Twelve years later a church in Glendora, California, was to become another of the church homes she claims.

In Hong Kong, Marjorie made her first acquaintance with an Indian, a Mr. Sircar, who was a YMCA general secretary, and a Calcutta gentleman of great charm and culture. For hours daily he taught her about India. Later on the train to Lucknow she made friends with a young Hindu wife whose beauty and whose elegant silk sari were breath-taking. Moreover, she was intelligent as well as gentle and quick in humor. These two gave the young missionary a pair of glasses, as it were, through which to see India and Indians during all her thirty-nine years of service. Representing the best in an ancient civilization which made her own seem crude in its newness, they became for her a symbol of what an Indian could be, given the opportunity. After talking with that Hindu girl she would never again use the word "heathen."

There followed months of eager absorption of the new environment. "I walked and cycled the streets of Lucknow," Marjorie recalls, "fascinated as I wove in and out of a medley of pedestrians, cyclists, donkeys, goats, cattle, various sorts of horse-drawn vehicles, bullock carts, and later automobiles.

"My imagination often waved a fairy wand. One day I would dress every poor person in new clothes and paint their houses; another time I would give them all healthy bodies, with food enough to keep them so. It was the sore eyes, and the blind, that hurt me most. Some days I would remember that education would be a better gift and would suddenly turn everyone into at least a grammar school

graduate. I was haunted by the child in our outdoor Sunday school who stamped her feet and cried, 'I don't want to hear a story; I want to learn to read like boys.' Her elders stared: an outcaste child, and a girl, wishing to read was preposterous back in 1923.

"But when I saw a man prostrating himself in worship before a stone image, I was struck with a need more pressing than any other: the knowledge of God that Jesus brought. To be sure, I learned to respect much in other religions. I wish for example that every church member could pray from the depths of his heart the lines from the Hindu scriptures:

'Lead me from the unreal to the real!

Lead me from darkness to light!

Lead me from death to Immortality!"

The faithfulness in prayer of devout Hindus and Muslims was humbling to me. 'My parents always get up before dawn to pray for an hour,' said one of my Muslim students, 'and they pray at the other four stated times each day.'"

It was the spiritual capacity of the Indians that always held the strongest appeal for Marjorie Dimmitt. "For an Indian to talk religion is as natural as breathing—in a restaurant, on a train, at a party. It is always in place. There is a generosity about sharing at a deeper level than Americans are likely to expose.

"There is much spiritual hunger although material things are now being given a new importance because they are helpful in raising the image of the individual. In India the individual now has an importance that used to be given only to the family or caste group.

"I treasure the memory of my Religious and Moral Education class even more than my English classes, or my work on the college magazine, or the supervision for many years of the eight gardeners responsible for campus lawns and flower gardens. In later years I usually had four or five Christians and twenty or twenty-five girls of other faiths in this class. Here, for two periods each week, we discussed frankly the same spiritual and some of the moral problems that trouble American students.

"My weekly fellowship group, meeting in my bed-sitting room, was another chance to give my Christian witness. Some years I had two such groups—fifteen students of three faiths in each. A third group was started at the request of five Hindu and one Muslim freshmen 'just for us.' At first the prayers of these freshmen were stilted, unreal and trembly, but soon they learned to pray spontaneously. One



night after they left I wrote down two of their prayers: 'I cannot escape You. Sometimes I am indifferent, but, O God, lead me from darkness into light.' 'Lord, help me to add to the beauty of the world. Amen.'

"Now it seems strange that back in 1920 we were praying for other than Christian parents to let their girls have higher education. At present Christians make up only a third of the student body, which we limit to four hundred in order that there may be close contact between teachers and students. Christians, remember, are only about 2 per cent of the population of India."

Miss Dimmitt has seen striking changes outside the college too. "The changes are dramatic," she says. "Town and city streets are full of boys *and* girls of all ages going to school or college by bus or bicycle or car or on foot. A few girls even dare to ride motorcycles. Numbers of students will increase, for the government is working toward the ideal of free compulsory education through the primary grades, and hopes to have all boys and enough girls in school to total 76 per cent of all primary-age children by the end of the current Five Year Plan in 1966. Lucknow, with a population of six or seven million, is the seat of one of the great government universities to which all other degree colleges within a specified area must be affiliated since it alone is permitted to give degrees in that region. Lucknow University makes the curriculum and sets the examinations for some 10,000 students in all. Isabella Thoburn is one of half a dozen girls' colleges affiliated with Lucknow University.

"The student body on the university campus is coeducational and this likewise is revolutionary," Miss Dimmitt continues. "When I arrived in 1920 I saw only a few better-class women on the streets, for Lucknow was a center of Muslim culture, and because Muslims kept their women in seclusion either at home or behind a cover-all *burqah* (with net covering the peepholes for their eyes), higher class Hindus did likewise. You cannot imagine the conservatism in regard to women. In 1923 an outspoken Indian Christian gentleman asked the bishop to have one of our missionary faculty members recalled to America for breaking Paul's ideal of womanhood. Her sin? She had had her hair bobbed. Now short hair and even 'perms' are accepted without comment, at least in cities.

"When Pakistan and India were partitioned in 1947, large numbers of Muslims left Lucknow. Most of those remaining have released their women from wearing the

*burqah*. It is pleasant to see family groups of both Hindus and Muslims moving freely on the streets. It is hard for the modern girl to realize with what difficulty this freedom was won."

Miss Dimmitt speaks of other freedoms for girls accumulating gradually. "Since the passing of the Sarda Marriage Bill in 1929, it has been possible for parents to postpone marrying off their daughters, a father's first duty. Public opinion has so changed that today a girl may even complete study for a master's or doctor's degree before marriage, without censure. As a rule parents still make marriage arrangements, and as a rule the young people do not rebel, though often they barely see each other or their photographs before the ceremony. 'So long as our society does not permit boys and girls to mix socially, I know my father's judgment is much better than my own,' many a girl will say. The couple's horoscopes having been found compatible, the two go into marriage feeling it had been destined by God. It usually holds.

"Nevertheless, a Hindu Bill of Rights, passed after years of heated discussion, has in this decade granted among other privileges to women the right of divorce and the right to inherit property equally with their brothers. Not until 1962 did the Dowry Bill pass, forbidding the requirement of a dowry with the bride—an ancient custom that frequently plunged families into life-long debt."

How is the missionary received in India today? Miss Dimmitt speaks from her personal experience. She recalls the reactions of an immigration official when she applied for a permit to return to India after furlough in 1957. "First he growled at me for wanting such a permit. Then he asked how long I had been in the country. 'Since before your parents met each other,' I replied, and when he noted '1920' on the form, he simply beamed with hospitality.

"'Why, you are more of an Indian than I am! Do you love our India?' There followed a most cordial chat during which he told me how glad he was to give me a permit.

"On another occasion an official spent at least twenty minutes recounting all that missionaries had done for India. Repeatedly the discipline and efficiency of Christian institutions and the dedication of their teachers are praised."

Miss Dimmitt feels that as a person she has gained much from her experiences as a missionary. Among other things, she lists "a life of high adventure, personal growth that comes from shouldering a wide variety of responsibilities, deep friendships—beyond a young person's power to evalu-

ate. These bonds with other missionaries and friends of different nationalities are like blood-relationships. Above all, there is a sense of being involved in a Christian way in a country's growth during its most strategic years."

"Requirements are stiff," she added thoughtfully, "one needs a willingness to live simply with no financial saving; an undivided heart so that one channels all enthusiasm and energy into the task (divided motivation has sent many a missionary home after a year or two, frustrated); the ability to be completely democratic, because the foreigner today is treated as an equal co-worker and is likely to occupy a subordinate position; willingness to do any type of work in whatever place needed (every skill and every scrap of previous experience will come in handy). A crowning requisite is the conviction that I Corinthians 13 is *the* way of highest fulfillment for the world, beginning with oneself.

"Thus, if a young person wishes to witness for Jesus Christ and his way of life while cooperating with nationals of another land, one couldn't ask for a more challenging, often dangerous, but most rewarding job."



## LEILA FLOSSIE EPPS

Several generations of Brazilian Protestants (Evangelicals), missionaries, and their children knew her as "Eppsie," "Esau," or "Aunt Esau." She was christened Leila Flossie Epps but since she cared little for these given names, she was either "Eppsie," or "Esau" depending upon her frame of mind. When she felt kindly disposed toward the world, she was Eppsie; at other times she regarded herself as Esau, a rebellious sinner. However tempted, she never sold her birthright but remained a humble child of God, bubbling with thanksgiving for all he gave her. She went to Brazil in 1911 and for almost forty years served as a vigorous, exuberant, outgoing missionary, first as a teacher, then as an office worker, magazine editor, director of evangelistic work, and supervisor of Bible women.

Miss Epps was born in Kingstree, South Carolina, April 6, 1884; three weeks later her name was on the cradle roll of Kingstree Methodist Church. As a child she felt that God wanted her to be a missionary in China. With this motivation, she went to college first in Leesville, South Carolina, and to Meridian Woman's College, Meridian, Mississippi, and Scarritt Bible and Training School, then in Kansas City, Missouri. In the midst of her work at Scarritt, she had influenza and lost her hearing. She finished her training, turned to home missions and served for a short time in the Kansas City Day Nursery.

The deafness disappeared, she re-applied as a foreign missionary, and was appointed to Brazil in 1911. She first taught in Colegio Mineiro, Juiz de Fora, then in Colegio Isabela Hendrix in Belo Horizonte, and Colegio Americano in Petropolis.

Ten years later she went to São Paulo to edit Christian literature in the Methodist Publishing House, to organize new missionary societies for women and to encourage established ones. She started and wrote for *Bem Te Vi*, a magazine for children. Her office was "Storyland" for the children of missionaries, one of whom called it a "magical place where life throbbed, dreams came true, and miracles

took place daily." She always had time to answer questions, to read to children and tell them stories. During one of Brazil's civil revolutions, she spent three weeks underground with other missionary families entertaining children and grown-ups too with colorful stories about her life as a tomboy in South Carolina's Low Country.

When she itinerated on horseback or by oxcart in the interior, men and women would walk for miles, often in the dark through jungle or by strange country trails, to hear her speak. They stayed the entire night listening to her stories; when she got tired and went to bed, someone else would read to them. Often she would find them still huddled around the reader when she woke up the next morning.

Miss Epps also founded and edited *A Voz Missionaria*, an outstanding magazine in Portuguese especially for the Evangelical women of Brazil. A skillful public relations person, she appointed agents for the magazine in the missionary societies and once a year promoted an all-out drive for subscriptions. One of her enthusiastic agents in a missionary society of forty-eight secured over a thousand subscriptions—she did it by making each member a salesman. At one time Miss Epps had more subscribers to *A Voz Missionaria* than there were church members. She circulated the magazine among Evangelicals, non-Protestants, in leper colonies, and even in military barracks.

Miss Epp's greatest interest was in *people*. She was concerned about those whose lives were hard and joyless, especially the lepers and the Indians of the Brazilian jungles. She used *A Voz Missionaria* to publicize the plight of the Indians and worked indefatigably to persuade Evangelical churches to establish an Indian mission. She helped educate a young Indian. She was a staunch friend of Dr. Nelson Araujo, a medical missionary to the Indians, and of the orphan Indians under his care. In fact, she mothered them, just as she did missionary children and the waifs and strays in São Paulo's slums.

She went out of her way to show her beloved Brazil to visitors—its missions, schools, and churches, along with its more exotic attractions. She loved sports of all kinds; she introduced baseball to students in all the schools in which she taught. She excelled in swimming.

The funniest, and most hair-raising tale she ever told about herself involved swimming. On her first trip to Mato Grosso (Brazil's big woods in the still largely uncivilized hinterland), she and a friend traveled a week by primitive

train, bus, and finally oxcart to reach a cooperative mission (Methodist and Presbyterian) among the Caiua Indians. The first thing the friend wanted was a bed, but Miss Epps wanted a bath. No facilities for the latter existed except in the nearby river, which was also used by crocodiles for the same purpose. Miss Epps was warned but paid no attention. She put on a bathing suit of ancient vintage, and ran down to the bank. The Indians stood speechless with surprise and horror as she plopped in on one side and there was an answering plop on the other! When she surfaced, she found herself staring at two large protruding eyes and an open mouth. She turned immediately and headed the other way as fast as she could swim. She reported later that the other animal had closed its mouth, turned around and fled even faster—more surprised and scared than she was! Back in the house her friend remarked on the pallor and change in Miss Epp's normally healthy, sun-burned face. Miss Epps explained that she was paler than usual because she had taken off so much dirt in the river. To the Indians her exploit became a legend.

A friend of Miss Epps says of her, "She was a person who got a great deal of joy out of each day and shared it with others. She took big helpings of life as she went along. She was a raconteur who paid more attention to painting a vivid picture than an accurate one, but she told it the way she saw it." Miss Epps, the superb storyteller, kept alive tales of the Christian heroes who carried the Gospel and built churches in Brazil.

Her devotion to her Lord, to his church, and to others spilled over and influenced many lives. She retired in 1949. Back in South Carolina she took a group of Ukrainian refugees under her wing, taught them English and helped them get used to American ways. She wrote that she drove around the Carolina countryside, dreaming in Portuguese. She continued to write for publication, and lecture to mission study classes, inspiring groups with her understanding of Brazil and its people. She is the author of an Easter service "Reasoning Together," still in use by church groups.

Leila Epps died in Kingstree on June 9, 1962. As her epitaph says, "Her life was a symbol of courage, faith and love."



## THELMA B. MAW

**T**helma Maw is a missionary physiotherapist in the big Yonsei University Medical Center in Seoul, Korea. When the wintry cold sweeps down on the Korean capital, it brings to her mind memories of a rugged childhood on a Nebraska farm. "Because I was a tomboy, I preferred working in the fields rather than in the house. Fortunately, I had an older sister who helped mother with the housework of our large family while I shouldered some of the farm chores until my brothers grew older.

"Our main outside activity was the church. Among my treasures are the pins for perfect attendance at Sunday school and the chain is seven years long."

Thelma completed grade school, then high school in her home town of Creston, Nebraska. In spite of her activities on the farm she was valedictorian of her class. An incident in school left an indelible impression on her. One day the teacher asked each pupil what he or she planned to be. When it came Thelma's turn to answer she said, "I will be a missionary," though she knew practically nothing about missions and as she said later, really did not know why she answered as she did.

Because of her high marks she received a scholarship to one of the Nebraska normal schools but she could not use it because there was no money available for the rest of her expenses. This was the period of the Depression, and Thelma worked as a domestic—washing, ironing, and cleaning. Wages were very low at that time. Her weekly cash earnings were only \$3.00 unless she worked by the day—then she received \$6.00 for the week. She does not regret those six years of doing housework, for she counts as her special friends some of the women for whom she worked. However, she was not satisfied to keep on with this work. She was determined to get more education, no matter how slowly she acquired it. By this time she had saved \$80.00, not much in the way of financial resources, but she stayed at home while studying and tried to pay her way by helping her family.

Just at this time relatives from California came to visit.

When they discovered how ambitious she was, they asked her to go home with them and attend Chaffey Junior College at Ontario, California. They took care of her first year's expenses. The next year she found a job working for room and board in a home near the school. Thelma went along in faith that God would provide opportunities. Each year a way opened up. The third year she lived with a Methodist minister's family; she received room, board and \$5.00 car-fare a month for three hours of work a day. A lifesaver, she thought.

She decided that she would be a teacher of physical education, but she suffered a knee injury that made that career impossible. Thelma comments, "At this time of discouragement and frustration I received wonderful understanding and counseling from Dean Alice Hoyt of the University of California. She pointed out that often as one door closes, another opens leading to better things. She suggested the field of physical therapy to me." Hoping and at times convinced that ways to this vocation would open, Thelma continued to work during the summer, this time packing lemons.

At the suggestion of Dean Hoyt and other wise counselors, she applied for and received a scholarship for her final year, at the University of California at Berkeley. The scholarship enabled her to live in a cooperative house. She enjoyed this experience to the full, even though her share of the cooperative housekeeping meant that she washed the dinner dishes nightly for sixty people. She made wonderful friends—not strange because she was a wonderful friend herself. New jobs kept coming her way. She assisted one of the professors as a reader, she worked on a playground every day for a few hours and at the same time she carried a full schedule. In 1943 she received her A.B. degree.

That fall with the aid of a scholarship from the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis, she entered the Children's Hospital of Physical Therapy in Los Angeles for special training, and with the further aid of the Kate Crutcher Scholarship she finished her studies and was graduated the next year.

By this time thoughts of a missionary career had been pushed from the foreground of her thinking. During college days, at a vocational guidance conference a minister had shared his convictions with the group. It was his feeling that anyone who could be truly happy in a profession outside of full-time Christian service should find his or her

place there. With a feeling of real relief she assured herself she had a minister's sanction to accept her first professional job in the office of a leading orthopedic surgeon. What an opportunity to serve—working with a specialist who was well qualified in the use of physical therapy. In fact, he was medical director of the school from which she was graduated.

Work was plentiful, patients were a real challenge, and opportunities for service were unlimited. Only one thing was lacking—the deep sense of satisfaction necessary to give real meaning to one's life.

“Once again I began to find my thoughts turning to work on the mission field. Once again I also found myself thinking of that vocational conference. All sorts of excuses kept crowding in on my thoughts. ‘It's just the war years’ . . . ‘You're too busy’ . . . ‘It's because the pay isn't what some of the others are getting.’ In the face of all this conflict, I decided that what I really needed was a change of jobs. The change would do it, I felt confident of that. Why not? Then I was offered another position, one with regular hours that I could count on, hours even of my own choosing, better pay with a substantial raise in the future, and the promise of time and a half for overtime. What more could anyone ask?

“The new position was enjoyable, patients and co-workers alike were most congenial, yet why should I begin to feel that same deep-seated unrest? Gradually it dawned on me that it was not the long hours, or the money or anything else external that caused my uneasiness—it was something within. I prayed about it for a long time asking God to really reveal to me his will for my life.

“In answer to my prayers I was led to a meeting at which Kathryn Boeye, now Mrs. Ralph Ward, was the speaker. After hearing her wonderful testimony about life lived for God on the mission field, I had an opportunity to talk with her. She helped me to see that this could be God's way of calling me into his service and that peace would truly come as I surrendered fully to him.

“I wrote the Board of Missions, was questioned by the personnel committee and was accepted for overseas service. I had to go back to school, first in the Training Center for the Far East in Berkeley, then for a brief time in the Baptist Divinity School. I studied Chinese in the extension program of the University of California. The deeply satisfying commissioning service in New York followed all this. Although China was not open at that time, I continued my



study in Berkeley, hoping that conditions would change so that I could begin my real work there.

"That did not happen. I was asked by the Board of Missions to consider another field: Korea, the Philippines, or Southern Rhodesia. Because I really knew nothing about these other fields, I asked the Board to choose for me. They sent me to Korea on a temporary assignment. After only two weeks I wrote asking for permission to study the language for I was satisfied my work was in Korea. The little children in the wards of the Severance Hospital, now Yonsei University Medical Center, were my first teachers. I spent an hour a day with them before my language teacher came. Then the Korean War broke out. I had been there only six months and had been in language school four of those months.

"In June 1950, we were evacuated to Japan. I kept up my language study in Tokyo. Late in 1951, I was back in Korea in the Chunju Mission Hospital, a project of the Presbyterian Church, U.S. The next year we returned to Severance Hospital, an interdenominational institution. It had been almost destroyed in the war but we worked in huts amidst the ruins until it was rebuilt.

"The work of a physical therapist in Korea is varied and interesting. Little was known about its use in treatment, but gradually the doctors came to see how it could help. With the opening of the 'Amputee Project,' a cooperative effort sponsored by Church World Service and centered in Severance Hospital, new impetus was given to the work.

"We are concerned with patients of all ages, but a great deal of our work is with children. The amputee program was designed originally to help children; polio in Korea can rightly be called infantile paralysis because of the hundreds of patients seen, only four have been over the age of four. Our department however is a general one and cares for all types of patients."

As a member of the rehabilitation team, **Thelma** has taught basic principles of physiotherapy to medical students and nurses. Their program is geared to the Korean economy. Native materials are used wherever possible, and adults who are amputees themselves work with the missionaries. In cases where unusual skill and ability are demonstrated, the amputee may join the staff. Several years ago, **Chung Kan Mo**, a leg amputee with whom the team worked, became chief limb technician at Yonsei. A Christian leader, he has been instrumental in setting up rehabilitation centers in places as far away as the Cameroun in West Africa.

Thelma writes, "Our program starts chain reactions among people helping themselves and their neighbors in other ways. A pastor, who is himself an amputee, works in cooperation with the rest of the staff as they minister to the spiritual needs of the individual amputees during their long periods of hospitalization.

"As the emergency phase of the amputee work has subsided, there has been ample time to give to expanding our facilities in other areas of work. We have always had to be imaginative and creative in the matter of equipment used for treatment. It is amazing what can be improvised out of seemingly very little.

"Our physical therapy department also directs the treatment for the twenty-five children admitted to the Crippled Children's Center, a part of our Medical Center complex.

"I've also helped to mother and supervise thirty or more little children in the Wyatt Baby Fold in Seoul. Most of our charges are orphans; sometimes motherless children stay until fathers or other relatives can take over. Frequently there are youngsters who need medical or surgical care. We help adoption agencies find homes for Korean orphans or for those who are a mixture of several races.

"Educationally there has been great improvement. Many of our doctors and nurses have studied abroad and now have returned to strengthen the program of the Center.

"Koreans are assuming a great deal more responsibility in all areas of work. We foreigners are called upon to provide more in the way of motivation and guidance. Although for the most part we all favor decentralization of missionary staff, we are longing for a corps of physiotherapists who can establish a teaching program for Koreans. This is very important since the way of life here calls for so many adaptations of our American instruction in physical therapy.

"There is a wealth of fertile ground, a wonderful future in this area of Christian service. We work with rich and poor, city and country people, believers and nonbelievers."

To young people, Thelma says, "Pray earnestly that God will guide you into your lifework. Whatever vocation you may have, live it as a call from God. If He taps you for a special task with the church or the mission, there too give thanks and serve. Be willing to be called, and when God calls, answer. I truly believe it is not because I am on the mission field that I have such joy in service but because I am where God wants me to be."

## SADIE MAUDE MOORE

Sadie Maude Moore was born in Statesboro, Georgia, on a cold snowy January day, most unusual weather for the deep South. Her imminent arrival made it necessary for the doctor to climb over the fence rather than to take time getting through the drifts in front of the gate.

Sadie Maude was brought up in the Methodist Church; she became a member when she was eight years old. Later she taught in the Sunday school and sang in the choir. As a teen-ager, she was deeply stirred by a series of sermons preached in her church by a recently converted railroad man. The young preacher was Arthur Moore, later to become a bishop.

Hoping to be a teacher, Sadie Maude studied in a Teachers' Training College in Georgia until illness forced her to drop out. During this quiet time she felt called to missionary service. She went to Asbury College, received her A.B. degree, taught for a year, and then entered Scarritt Training School for Christian Workers, at that time located in Kansas City, Missouri. She was graduated in 1924.

That same year, a large group of students chartered a railroad car and traveled from Kansas City to Tampa, Florida, to the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Council of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The students stopped off in various cities where they gave their Christian witness and were entertained by young peoples' church groups. At the Tampa meeting Sadie Maude was commissioned for missionary service in Korea, the place she had always wanted to go.

Although Sadie Maude had no question about her calling as a missionary, she did have difficulty making up her mind to leave her parents. They did not oppose her going but she kept asking herself, "How can I care for them when I am so far away?" Her father put her mind at ease when he said goodbye to her: "Daughter, we will be praying for you," he promised, "you can depend on us. If at any time you need anything, just let us know." When Sadie Maude came back from Korea for her first furlough, her parents accompanied her on many of her speaking trips. Her father



teased her, "Sadie Maude, I know all of your speeches by heart. If necessary, I can carry on for you."

The young missionary was assigned to evangelistic work in Wonsan, but first she had to learn the language. Korean is hard to learn; she spent months with a private tutor in the mornings and in language classes in the afternoon. Sadie Maude commented, "My teacher was very clever at drawing pictures and telling stories to help me learn. One day I kept forgetting the verb 'to serve.' Instead of being impatient, he came up with a bright idea. 'Oh,' he said, 'I will tell you how to remember that word. Just remember it is the duty of the wife to *serve* her husband.' I pointed out to him that was not my idea of husband-wife relations, but I doubt if he understood much of what I said and I know he didn't agree with me. However, I never forgot that word again!"

Miss Kate Cooper, the older missionary with whom Miss Moore worked, had been in Korea for sixteen years, and had developed an extensive program of evangelism. She itinerated regularly all over the district, counseling the Bible women, organizing and promoting the work of the Woman's Missionary Society, preaching and visiting. Each winter she conducted a three-months Bible training school for Korean Bible women.

Because the work in Wonsan had outgrown two small original wooden structures, Sadie Maude was drafted to help plan a new four-story brick building that became known as "The House of Abounding Grace." This center had a program of community service, baby clinics, girls' clubs, home economic institutes, chorus groups, Bible and night schools. Miss Cooper continued the district work while Sadie Maude served as head resident of the center.

As the work developed through the years young Korean women, graduates of Ewha University and the Methodist Theological Seminary, became teachers, assuming more and more responsibility at the center. These were happy years for Sadie Maude. She loved her work with the clubs, the classes in sewing and cooking, but always her greatest joy came from the Bible classes.

A co-worker says of Sadie Maude, "She was one of the 'quiet ones' on whom we all depended—steady, firm, kind in judgment, and literally indispensable. When she was away, we felt as if the bottom had dropped out of things. The first thing we asked in any crisis was, 'What does Sadie Maude think?'"

In the fall of 1940, after war had started on the main-

land, the missionaries were recalled from Korea. Sadie Maude had come home a few months earlier because of the serious illness of her mother, who died shortly after her arrival. World War II made it impossible for missionaries to return to Korea. Sadie Maude stayed on in Statesboro with her father until he died in 1947.

The next year Sadie Maude returned to Korea on a troopship, the only passage available. "It was certainly devoid of glamour," she remarked, "but how wonderful to be going back to Korea."

Wonsan was in Communist-occupied North Korea; projects there had to be abandoned. She was assigned to the rural center and evangelistic work in Wonju and Choon Chun districts, with her residence in Wonju, a country town in a rugged rural area about four hours from Seoul. In previous years only one missionary, Miss Esther Laird, had been in Wonju. Now Miss Moore and two couples who had been working north of the 38th parallel were appointed to Wonju. Local people who associated the word "missionary" with Miss Laird were overheard remarking as they saw tall Miss Moore, "That new Miss Laird is a big, tall one."

In Wonju, Sadie Maude was associated with a Korean, Mr. Chang, who had worked on projects of Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa in Japan. He took over the agricultural section of the rural center. Raising rabbits and chickens, breeding hogs, growing chrysanthemums, and better still, training boys in 4-H clubs, advising young farmers out in the villages—all this work going on at the center contributed to the Christian influence in the community.

Miss Moore started her new work with a few girls' groups in nearby villages. She was joined by Miss You Du Kang, a Crusade scholar who had specialized training in rural work. They gathered more girls together in a combination of 4-H clubs and youth fellowships. Even small children begged to be included. One afternoon a ragged little girl with eager shining eyes waited for them on a paddy field path and stopped them with, "Have you been teaching about Jesus today? When are you coming again? I want to learn about Jesus."

The plans for the rural center and the growing work came to a sudden tragic end on June 25, 1950, with the Communist invasion of South Korea. The missionaries were told first to go to Seoul. Before they could start, a second order from the authorities countermanded the first and advised them to go to Pusan in whatever transportation was available. With heavy hearts the missionaries left their Korean

friends and set out in jeeps on the rugged trip south to the seaport. Later they learned that Mr. Chang had been killed by the Communists. Months passed before they heard from Miss Kang, of her privations, suffering and final escape from the Communists. She wrote, "I have survived by God's grace."

Miss Moore returned to America and spent the next few years working for the Board of Missions, always hoping to return to Korea. In January 1953, she found herself in battered, crowded Pusan. Here she served on the staff of the Methodist Theological Seminary "in exile," its classes crammed into little Korean houses and sheds, "not adequate enough," as an executive secretary wrote, "for a corncrib in Ohio." For Sadie Maude the days weren't long enough; she taught in the Seminary, accompanied Bible women on their visits to wounded soldiers, and helped with relief and rehabilitation projects.

After the armistice, the conflict entered the "cold war" phase. The upper part of South Korea was opened and people were allowed to go back to Seoul, but the future of the Seminary seemed bleak indeed. Miss Moore continued to teach and in addition, she was appointed to work again in the Choon Chun district. On weekends and vacations she held training institutes for Sunday school teachers, conferences with the leaders of the Woman's Society, district Bible schools, and homemakers' institutes for young women.

At present Miss Moore supervises seminary students in church work appointments during the school year, and other students going to country villages during vacation. The latter lend a hand with vacation Bible schools, training Sunday school teachers, and other phases of the church program. These are no holiday trips; the girls often ride over rough roads in open trucks piled high with baggage and people. At their destination they work with new Christians whose concept of Christian faith is still all mixed up with superstition.

Miss Moore tells of one of the seminary girls who volunteered to go to a "hard place" for winter vacation work. "On the way to the village of Ka-oo-Jak on that cold January day the bus broke down. What did Oak Nam, the student, do while they waited for two hours in the bitter weather? 'I sang hymns,' she reported. 'Over and over again I sang, 'I am trusting, Lord, in Thee.''" This trust helped Oak Nam every step of the way, as she visited in the villagers' homes, as she trained Sunday school teachers and with them conducted a vacation Bible school for the children, as she



found a way to send a sick man to the hospital, and even to laugh a little when a dog chewed up her shoes!"

Sadie Maude loves to tell of the deep devotion of Korean Christians. She cites as an example Pastor Yun of the little village of Oon Pyung, whose son, a former theological student, was killed in the Korean War. The young man is buried in Oon Pyung; the pretty little white church and the Christian Workers' Retreat Center are memorials to him. Many call Pastor Yun "Diamond Mr. Yun" because of his long connection with this church center in the famous Diamond Mountains. At the dedication service of the retreat center he told how it began in a tent church in the unbearable summer heat with the whole congregation receiving "baptism" on the rainy steaming day! Their first fund-raising project was gathering, packaging, and selling cosmos seed. Pastor Yun said he actually danced for joy (his wife scolded him for it) when friends in America and Korea sent contributions and the United States Army helped with materials and hauling. The center was completed in no time! Miss Moore comments, "We saw Christ anew in dear 'Diamond Mr. Yun' whose devotion sparkles like a jewel."

Such instances of Christian service and devotion make a missionary's life a rewarding one. Physical hardships are unimportant.

Miss Moore sees the role of the missionary to be constantly changing. "The missionary today," she says, "must be willing to work behind the scenes and identify with the nationals as cooperative fellow workers, giving friendship and counsel without showing authority or making demands."

Miss Moore's own deep commitment was recognized in May 1961 when Ewha Woman's University gave her an honorary degree. The text of the citation read:

"Sadie Maude Moore, an outstanding missionary, a friend to our people in need, a living example of the highest ideals of the Christian way of life, a great benefactress to human welfare, whose love and guidance to countless people have helped to build Christian character in this land and have made you an inspiration to those who have known you.

"By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Board of Trustees of Ewha Woman's University and on the recommendation of the Graduate School Council, I hereby confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters with all the honors, rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

Helen Kim, President"

## EMMA MARIE PALM

**E**mma Palm was born on her grandparents' farm in Sweden, half a world away from the jungles of Borneo in which she later worked. She began her education the hard way, walking a mile to school, sometimes through deep snowdrifts in zero weather. She was graduated with honors from the village school.

When she was twelve years old, she and her widowed mother emigrated to America. At the turn of the century many people left their homes in the Old World and set up new ones here. A younger sister of Emma's mother had already come over, married and settled in Worcester, Massachusetts. Letters from this aunt made the little girl and her mother eager to come too.

Emma recalls the sea voyage: "We went first to England and then took ship across the Atlantic. I still remember the crowded quarters we had, the stormy sea, and the awful seasickness. We spent three weeks traveling from Sweden to New York. Many times I wished we had never left home!" Sponsored by relatives, they entered America without difficulty, and went at once to Worcester. Mrs. Palm was a skilled seamstress and got a job with a dressmaker. Emma helped her aunt with the housework, cared for her young cousins, and went to school.

After a year and a half her mother had to return to Sweden because her own mother was not well. Two years later, Emma's grandmother died, leaving Mrs. Palm and her father alone on the farm. It was decided that Emma should stay in America. She says, "When mother had to go back to Sweden, I started out on my own with \$25 that she gave me. I worked first in a corset factory but soon left that. I was anxious to learn to speak English so I decided to be a maid in an American home." In four years Emma saved enough money to make a trip to Sweden to visit her mother and grandfather. They wanted her to stay with them but her heart was set on returning to America.

In Worcester she became a member of the Methodist Sunday school and participated in young people's activities. At

a summer campmeeting near Worcester, Emma decided to accept Christ. She was ambitious and wanted more education in order to prepare for Christian work. The way opened for her to enter the training school for Christian service in Boston. She was commissioned a deaconess, went to Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, for three years of nurses' training after which she served as head nurse for another four years. In spite of long, busy days on the wards, she attended night school to prepare for foreign missionary service. Finally she was accepted as a missionary and sent to Sienyu, Fukien, China, to start a school of nursing there. She went to China by way of Sweden and stopped off for a visit with her mother and grandfather.

Following a year of language study, Miss Palm tackled the project for training nurses in the Christian Union Hospital in Sienyu. Heretofore there had been no graduate nurses; a nurse's work was considered a menial job, requiring only practical training and very little education. This attitude made it difficult to get candidates with even a primary school education. Two or three girls at a time would apply for the training courses but after a few weeks or months they would leave. Only one was graduated out of those first groups. Gradually, girls who were better prepared became interested and entered the school. In 1929 a class of four was graduated—a major triumph during those difficult days. Thereafter, nursing education made real progress; standards were raised until only high school seniors were accepted. Emma Palm was one of the Christian nurses who helped to change the concept of nursing education in China.

Nurse Palm was stationed in Sienyu until the Communists took over in 1949. Her furloughs were spent partly with her family in Sweden, partly in taking specialized training in the United States. Communist control meant the end of missionary work in China. Like all the others, Miss Palm found it heartbreaking to leave China, but she was grateful for the experienced nurses who would carry on.

Where should she go? Before deciding, she spent several months in Hong Kong helping to care for missionaries coming out of China. Then she was invited to Sarawak, Borneo, by Bishop Archer and realized that was where God could best use her.

Sarawak had many Chinese settlers from Fukien Province who spoke the familiar Hinghwa dialect. About fifty years before, a Chinese Methodist in Fukien Province had read about the Pilgrims who went to America in the *May-*



*flower*. Inspired by this, he started a project of Chinese emigration to Borneo. Most of the early settlers were Methodists. During the first few years they experienced hard times. When the pepper and rubber trees they had planted began to bear, life became easier. Chinese preachers among the settlers established several preaching points along the Rejang River, of which the center was Sibü. Later when other Chinese fled from the Communists on the mainland, it seemed natural for them to go to their countrymen in Sarawak.

For a few months Emma had charge of the hostel in Sibü—a home for girls attending the Methodist school there. At Annual Conference she was appointed by the bishop to rural health and evangelistic work among the women in the Hinghwa-speaking communities near Sibü. She served people from the same province in China in which she had worked, some of whom she had known previously.

As Miss Palm moved about the countryside, she discovered another group of Chinese who were anxious to have a clinic established in the area of Sungei Teku, about nine miles from Sibü. Even though Sibü had a government hospital, it was almost impossible for the rubber planters and workers to get emergency medical help out in the jungle. Walking or riding a bicycle on jungle trails to a hospital nine or ten miles away was not conducive to speedy recovery. The Sibü hospital itself was understaffed and Nurse Palm found the same disparaging attitude toward nursing as a profession that she had experienced in China.

When permission for the Sungei Teku clinic was given by the government, church members helped finance it. In six months it was built and nearly all paid for. The British Governor of Sarawak officially opened the building while other high officials looked on. The Sungei Teku church congregation held a joyful dedication service.

The sea Dyaks of the area rejoiced with the Chinese. The Dyaks (also called Ibans) are a tribe in Borneo, known until rather recently as head-hunters. They live in jungles along the upper reaches of the Rejang River. From the early days of the explorers, those in authority struggled to end the head-hunting raids of the tribe. Christian missions, too, started by local Chinese preachers, played a part in doing away with this barbarism. The Ibans welcomed the clinic. Before it came no one had looked after the sick and ailing of the tribe.

Emma Palm tells about this outreach project: "Our work among the Ibans increased, more and more of them

came to the clinic. Once a month we walked four miles to an Iban longhouse<sup>1</sup> to hold other clinics. We were asked to look after still another Iban village, a much larger settlement twice as far away, but couldn't go because of the distance and the difficulty of getting through the jungle."

Miss Palm's interpreter and helper was a Chinese girl who knew the Iban language. She was also a very good cook. A graduate nurse from Foochow, China, helped with the work for a year and then took charge of the clinic when Emma came home for furlough. Each year the number of patients grew. All patients usually paid a small fee. The government provided most of the medicine and supplies, while the Woman's Division of Christian Service was responsible for furnishings, upkeep, and travel.

During her last tour of duty, Miss Palm learned that a mobile clinic was on its way to her. When it arrived, she traveled over improved roads, but still she had to use a boat to reach outlying Iban villages. The Ibans eagerly accepted medical care and no less eagerly listened to the gospel story. Many learned to follow the "Big God" as they called Him who had transformed their lives. Miss Palm commented: "It was wonderful to see these people come by the hundreds to listen to the gospel of Jesus Christ and then become Christians with great sincerity."

However, Islam with renewed missionary zeal has won many converts among these people. Moreover, it takes time and effort to overcome the primitive animistic superstitions of the Ibans. Miss Palm described their growing church: "Two weeks ago we went with our mobile boat clinic to the jungle station of Pahsai. We visit Pahsai regularly once a month but this trip was very special because Pastor Philemon Siratt, the Batak pastor, came with us and baptized seventy-seven persons. There have been over three hundred baptisms in the past two years in this area and many more want to be Christians. This is an outgrowth of the Sungei Teku clinic where many of these people received medical treatment. Two years ago we started making other visits to this region with our mobile clinic. Now we go five days a month, visiting four Iban communities each time. The

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<sup>1</sup> These are multiple-family dwellings usually built near a river. Each family has one room, opening onto a long central room. A common room is used to keep supplies: fishing nets and traps, hunters' guns, broad-blade swords for hacking through the jungle, clothing, utensils, rattan matting, and with changing customs and ideas, out-board motors, and even blackboards and primers for those learning how to read and write.

people are so grateful for this help. At present we travel a roundabout route by longboat that takes six hours one way. But a road is being built that will shorten the distance to less than two hours by bicycle. The Iban people themselves constructed a little house at Pahsai Boon where we hold clinics and stay overnight. They want very much to have a church school and eventually a church there. They gave the land and hope to start the building themselves. The big need is for an Iban teacher."

Even though she was approaching retirement, Emma Palm wanted to keep on with her work. Her Chinese and Iban friends were desolate over the thought of her leaving. The pastor and representatives of the church at Sungei Teku sent the following appeal to the Board of Missions in New York: "This letter is written by all the members of our circuit to report and to beseech before your honorable, that we all remember and thank the American friends for having such a beautiful church and a health center in our circuit. In the meantime you have appointed a nurse to work among us, so we have gained much help spiritually as well as physically.

"We beseech your honorable to have Miss E. M. Palm's term extended for one more year. Here are three reasons why we have to beseech the extension of her work:

1. Although Miss Palm is over her retirement age, her health is still very good and she can ride bicycle or walk as a young lady.

2. Miss Palm is a woman of love. She always plans how to help and comfort the patients and can understand and speak to them in their own language.

3. She is earnest and is willing to serve in the church. She is not only interested in medical work but also in all the church work, choir, MYF, WSCS, etc., in our church."

Another letter sent by the president and vice-president of the Conference Woman's Society of Christian Service stated additional reasons why Miss Palm should stay on: "We haven't started Kuching Fishermen's Settlement Evangelistic work yet. The only way to start our church work there is to begin with a clinic. Miss Palm is the best starter.

"She is so patient, tender and kind; we really need her to be with us. People in Sungei Teku take her as an angel."

Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, must be a very strategic post, it is one of the first places to which members of the Peace Corps were assigned.

Still another letter from the Woman's Welfare Associa-



tion states, "It is a regret that Miss Palm who has performed so much beneficial deeds to us will now be retired to America on account of her age. We therefore strongly request your kindness to retain her present service for her spirit is as young as a young girl, and her health is as strong as her ambition in her career. We know that Miss Palm not only serves us intelligently, she studies how to look after people both ill and well. We shall lose her greatly if she will be retired."

Ultimately, Miss Palm had to leave Borneo. On her way to America she stopped off in Sweden to visit relatives. At the invitation of the secretary of the Woman's Division of Christian Service of Sweden she itinerated among the Woman's Societies of the Methodist churches in that country to talk about missions in Sarawak. Everywhere she goes and to whomever will listen, Miss Palm tells of important work with the Chinese and Iban Christians that must go on.

Who will take her place?

## MABEL MARIE SHELDON

**T**here is something new under the noonday sun in India: a "Brides' School" in Buxar! Mabel Sheldon saw an urgent need for such a service, now her Brides' School serves as a model for similar projects.

"This type of school was needed," Miss Sheldon explains, "because boys graduating from our Christian middle and high schools usually had Hindu wives who knew nothing about Jesus or Christianity. These girls were married off when they were babies and when they were about fourteen they went to live in their husbands' homes. They needed to learn to read and write Hindi, sewing, cooking, raising chickens, personal hygiene, and above all Christianity. After training in the Brides' School many of these young women have established Christian homes." This school is a striking example of the way a missionary used imagination to meet an urgent need.

Mabel Sheldon also pioneered among outcaste Christian "untouchables," remnants of an earlier mass movement. These people were illiterate, idolatrous, superstitious, and ignorant, especially concerning sanitation and health. They were desperately poor and hungry; usually they were farmers and laborers. Often they ate only one meal every other day in order to survive until the next harvest season. They were so poor they shared carrion with India's vultures. Over a period of years these people had called themselves Christians, but little if any evangelistic work had ever been done among them.

Mabel's predecessor taught classes of outcaste village children under trees and in cowsheds. This was a good beginning, but Miss Sheldon realized that these weak, scattered groups needed to be united in a Christian community of first-class citizens. She has worked steadily toward this goal.

Mabel Marie Sheldon knew farm life at firsthand; she was born near the prairie town of Tingley, Iowa. Her parents set high standards for their children. Mabel comments, "I can't remember when I started to Sunday school.

I've never known anything else." Her father did not join the church until he was past fifty. Her mother, always deeply religious, conducted family worship. The children took turns reading the Bible and praying. Mabel says, "As I look back upon those impressionable years I believe my mother's prayers had the greatest influence on the course of my life."

In 1907 the family moved to Foraker, Oklahoma, a new town in a new state where the need for church workers was very great. As a very young girl Mabel participated in Epworth League activities. Later she was sent as a delegate to an Epworth League convention and for the first time she began to think seriously about overseas missionary work. Several years later in another Epworth League Institute in Baldwin, Kansas, she signed a life service card. Her parents approved of her decision but because of financial set-backs, needed her help. To aid them, Mabel taught school and saved for her own education. She attended college mostly during summer terms. For a number of years she was a teacher, beginning with all the grades in a rural school and then progressing to English classes in urban junior and senior high schools.

All this was excellent preparation for her first assignment in Muzaffarpur, Bihar, India. Here she spent two years in a girls' school, then moved on by request to rural education and evangelistic work in the district.

After her first furlough she became supervisor of village day schools and evangelist in three districts. During her remaining terms of duty, twenty-nine years, she has itinerated through the same rural districts, serving in the Simri Village Center and assisting with village extension projects.

She believed that the greatest need of these villagers was to realize what it meant to be a Christian. With this in mind she planned ten-day institutes on the fundamental beliefs of Christianity—actually, a short course in theology. The simple and interesting lessons were taught by means of a Bible story, a picture, a song, and an object lesson. During the ten days there was opportunity for confession of sin, for acceptance of Christ as Saviour.

Miss Sheldon tells how her plan of evangelism expanded: "We thought in the beginning that we would concentrate on one village and help it to be an example to neighboring villages. But God works differently. After the ten days of teaching, we presented fifteen rules of the Christian



brotherhood that included such things as giving up idolatry, child marriage, sorcery, and the eating of carrion. We told the villagers they would have to decide about becoming Christians and living by these rules. They replied that some of the rules would be impossible for them. For one thing, the Christian group would be too small to provide for marriages for their children. Instead of the one-village-at-a-time plan, they proposed that we should go to five other villages in which we had schools, teach the same set of lessons, and present the fifteen brotherhood rules. At the close of the six camps, they suggested we call the five leading men (the local council called the *Panchayat*) from each of the six villages into Buxar where they would decide together about adopting the rules. We followed this plan and five of the six villages, almost seven hundred people, came into the brotherhood.

"Since then, we have revised and extended our original plan. We faced tremendous responsibility in building the church out of such raw material—illiteracy, ignorance, superstition, dire poverty. After much prayer and thought, we set five goals for them and for ourselves:

1. A purified church, free from idolatry, child marriage, superstition, fear, filth.

2. A literate church in which each boy and girl would have opportunities for education.

3. A self-supporting church, to be made possible through a higher standard of living as the people became more educated.

4. A self-propagating church, one that would draw others to it.

5. A healthy church."

Miss Sheldon and her fellow workers were not satisfied with halfway measures, even though they knew the attainment of these goals would be far in the future. They now work in twenty-three Christian villages; several others have asked the workers to come to them. Four-day camps are held in each of the twenty-three villages. Workers go from house to house listening to the problems, the sorrows and joys of each individual home. They record the new members of the family by birth or marriage, checking names of children and brides who should be in school. They hold evangelistic meetings at night, baptizing and accepting into full church membership those that are ready.

A special means of evangelism is the Woman's Day Festival, a day given over entirely to women's singing and

witnessing groups, Bible lessons, and Holy Communion, and ending with a worship service for entire families.

"Twenty-five years ago," Miss Sheldon reports, "we could hardly bribe our women to come to the one-day meeting. Now they come for the four-day Christmas and Easter *melas* held in a grove near Buxar and their number is larger than the men's. They will get up before a microphone to tell a Bible story, or sing a Christmas song, or even dramatize a passage of scripture. These are times of fellowship when as many as nine hundred village Christians come together for learning, entertainment, competitive sports, fun, and inspiration.

"At Easter, people arrive for Communion on Maundy Thursday evening. On Good Friday they fast and have a three-hour service. The camp ends on Sunday with a sunrise procession through the town of Buxar to the church for an Easter service. Can you imagine 650 people marching by twos in a long line, each carrying a bundle on the head, a baby in one arm, and a lighted candle or a palm branch in the other, singing Easter songs, and answering the call 'He is risen' with a shout, 'He is risen indeed!'

"Now each of the twenty-three villages has a day school where the government curriculum is followed and in addition Bible lessons are stressed. Our annual Teachers' Institute instructs in methods, helps to make plans, and distributes materials for the year. The school supervisor holds annual examinations.

"Almost 100 per cent of the boys who complete day school go on to the boys' middle boarding school in our Simri Rural Center. In lieu of fees, they bring the grain they would eat if they were at home. This is a great step toward self-support. It means real sacrifice for the parents; they would earn more for the landlord if the boys remained at home and worked and the parents would not have to give up a portion of their own meager supply of food for the boys' school rations. The boys spend weekends at home, returning in time for the church service on Sunday evening.

"After finishing grade school, the boys live in the Christian hostel in the Simri Rural Center while they attend the government high school as day pupils. They continue to pay their fees with grain; this meets much of their education expenses. There are about 150 lads in the Simri Center. When high school is over, they go into training of some kind. In rare cases they receive scholarships to college. One boy has gone to Allahabad Agricultural Institute, one is a doctor in the Clara Swain Hospital at

Bareilly, twelve attend Lucknow Christian College, and two have finished seminary training and are serving their first charges. After graduation many of the boys work for the government in various positions: two are in government agricultural soil erosion work, four are in clerical and accounting posts, some are laboratory technicians in government hospitals, and many are teachers. With one exception, the village schools are all manned by our own people.

"Girls are receiving more education too. Parents used to be reluctant to send girls to school but more and more are coming. Formerly we were happy if we had four or five little girls in the mission school at Arrah. This year we had fifty-six new first graders enrolled. Once the little girls get away from home and in school, they rarely marry in childhood. After graduation from middle school they go on to high school or teachers' training. This past year the first group of high school girls have gone into nurses' training or senior teachers' training. Some of our girls are already out teaching; some are married."

As to the Brides' School, Miss Sheldon reports that "it was born out of necessity because Christian boys became more and more unhappy about their ignorant, superstitious, untidy wives. They knew too that a happy home was impossible without a Christian mother. The brides stay with us for four years while their husbands are in high school or training. In the meantime babies arrive so we added a nursery school. The boys are proud of their wives; often they tell us that their wives are better Christians than they are. As they pray together the wives strengthen their faith.

"When we began the Brides' School, there wasn't a grownup village woman who could read or write. Sending a bride to school was unheard of; mothers-in-law would not permit it. We decided pressure must be applied. We said no high school boy could go on for future study with mission help unless his wife went to school. That did it.

"The brides are taught Hindi, arithmetic, sewing, knitting, child care, sanitation, and much, much Bible. Usually after six weeks in the school, some begin to ask for baptism. At the end of the four years the brides return to the homes of their in-laws, and with their husbands try to make a Christian home and a Christian village.

"An illiterate wife of a village teacher was in our first class of brides. When this girl became pregnant, we asked if she wished to dedicate her unborn child to Jesus. She said she did. A lovely service was planned to which other brides were invited. For her prayer of dedication this young



woman knelt and said, 'Lord Jesus, accept this gift I bring to you and make my babe like little John, a bearer of good tidings to his people.' "

Miss Sheldon is convinced that evangelism and education go hand in hand. "That is the reason why we have camps, the Christmas and Easter *melas*, the youth institutes, the Woman's Day programs, along with the schools. Last year almost two hundred, thirteen brides among them, were baptized. You would have been happy to see the double lines of boys and girls crowding around three altars at the final dedication service in our youth camp."

Education helps overcome India's caste barriers and enables its rural churches to grow. Indian women, trained by Miss Sheldon, have shouldered the responsibility for the various extension projects she began.

Mabel Sheldon invested her life in India's development and lived among its outcastes. For them she has endured insults and shared their persecution. She once went to court in defense of starving people whose crops and houses were burned. She won out; her persecutors became her friends. Recognizing her fairness, they brought their disputes to her for arbitration and abided by her decisions.

She has lavished such deep love and patient understanding while revealing Christ's compassion and sacrifice that as one of her colleagues remarked, "Mabel *loves* people into being good."

## ESTHER SHOEMAKER

**D**r. Esther Shoemaker is a much-beloved physician in South India, who evaluated the needs of people half a world away and then set out to do something about them. Her home environment had much to do with her becoming a missionary: her father was a "birthright" member of the Norristown (Pennsylvania) Friends Society; her mother is still one of its Quaker ministers. Several years ago, Dr. Shoemaker helped her parents celebrate their 62nd wedding anniversary.

Her mother writes, "At the age of four, Esther was a thoughtful child and was the leader of a small group of playmates." She and a younger sister attended a local Friends School. At sixteen, she finished high school, valedictorian of her class. Inspired by her high school Latin teacher, a Wilson College graduate, young Miss Shoemaker was determined to attend the same college so that she could teach Latin and mathematics. She entered Wilson College in September 1917 on a tuition scholarship, earned \$3.00 a week as a waitress in the college dining room, spent her summers waiting tables in hotels and camps, and was \$800 in debt when she was graduated.

At college in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, she met overseas visitors—among them the Rev. Jashwant Rao Chitambar of India (the late Bishop Chitambar), a missionary couple from Sarawak, and two women doctors from Persia and Arabia. These encounters, plus formal Bible study in college under an inspiring teacher, made her decide to be a missionary. The missions needed doctors desperately; Miss Shoemaker gave up the idea of teaching Latin and mathematics and turned to medicine.

Money for medical school was a problem until friends helped her apply to The Methodist Church. She was accepted as a tentative missionary candidate and funds were provided to take care of her medical education. Her parents were of two minds: they wanted her to be a doctor but were very unhappy about her going overseas as a missionary.

Dr. Shoemaker entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia in September 1921. There she was a topflight

student who enjoyed her studies and found congenial classmates who were also planning to go to the mission field. She weighed the needs for personnel in various parts of the world and set her sights for India.

Because of complications in the Woman's Medical College that threatened its standing as a Grade A school, Esther felt it necessary to transfer to Indiana University School of Medicine. Coeducation was a new experience; she was one of nine women students in a class of ninety, but she was graduated fourth in her class and offered an internship in Indianapolis. However, she interned at the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia because she wished to be closer to her home. During her internship both her mother and father had operations. Her mother had major surgery and several transfusions at the hospital in which Esther worked. This emergency situation kept Dr. Shoemaker from going overseas at once. She spent the next year as pathologist at Allentown State Hospital. She also completed the specialized examinations of the National Board of Medical Examiners. Later as a doctor and surgeon in India she found all this training and experience invaluable.

In 1927 she began her missionary service. She had dreamed of an assignment to Clara Swain Hospital in Bareilly, India; instead the Board of Missions sent her to the Ellen Thoburn Cowen Memorial Hospital at Kolar in the South India State of Mysore.

Dr. Shoemaker's arrival in Kolar coincided with a major outbreak of bubonic plague. She found only a handful of patients in the hospital. Practically the whole town had moved to camps three miles away in each of the four directions. She made rounds and gave inoculations in all the evacuation plague camps in the neighborhood. The same situation prevailed during the next five or six years, until the government public health departments took over. As an interne in Philadelphia, Dr. Shoemaker had observed a single case of typhoid fever; in India she helped care for hundreds of typhoid patients. She still sees cases of typhoid in the hospital but reports that antibiotics have reduced hospitalization from two or three months to ten or fifteen days.

Dr. Shoemaker has seen the Kolar set-up grow from a small institution of thirty beds for women and children to a general hospital of two hundred beds for men, women and children. In 1927, the only staff member in addition to Dr. Shoemaker was one Indian doctor who had not yet passed her final examinations at the Medical College for Women at



Vellore. Now there are nine staff members including specialists in pediatrics, gynecology, and surgery.

Nursing education at Kolar began long before Dr. Shoemaker went there. However, when she arrived in 1927 there were only thirteen students in the Ellen Thoburn Cowen Memorial Hospital School of Nursing. None of these young women had more than minimum grade school education. A few years later, Miss Dora Saunby, an expert in nursing education in the United States, arrived at Kolar for a visit. She became so interested that she stayed to head up the nursing school, and to build a national staff. She insisted on higher educational standards; today student applicants must have completed high school and preferably one year of college. The School of Nursing is now registered with the Madras Nurses and Midwives Council. Graduates become registered nurses as well as registered midwives. Today the school usually enrolls 70 students, and has 25 to 30 graduates. Four of its graduates are sister-tutors (instructors in nursing) on its staff.

Miss Saunby realized the urgent need for public health nurses and was instrumental in sending graduate students from Kolar to Delhi to the Lady Hardinge Health School, for specialized training. Meanwhile local customs are changing. Formerly the Public Health Department had to take preventive measures to the people, now many come asking for inoculations and vaccinations. Ellen Thoburn Cowen Memorial Hospital nurses are trained to hold pre-natal, midwifery, and child welfare clinics.

Dr. Shoemaker insists that the hospital exists primarily to make Christ known by words and deeds. The staff begins each day with service in the chapel; the chapel stays open and available to individuals or groups for prayer and meditation.

Sister R. Sundramma is one to whom the hospital means almost as much as it does to Dr. Shoemaker. Their association began almost thirty years ago when Sister Sundramma, then Mrs. Rao, came to a hospital that accepted only women patients, seeking medical care for her husband. From her story, Dr. Shoemaker thought the man must be critically ill with tuberculosis, and set up an isolation area for him on an open veranda. A few days later, before Mr. Rao died, he sought Christian baptism for himself, his wife and two-year-old son. His Brahman relatives and friends threatened in vain. He was buried with a Christian service while most of the Hindu townspeople looked on in amazement.

After his death Dr. Shoemaker and Mrs. Rao took stock

of the situation. Mrs. Rao had no place to go: her own people were dead, her husband's family disowned her. She and her small son were assigned to the hospital's baby fold where she could keep an eye on him while caring for other children. A short time later, her daughter was born.

Mrs. Rao had come to Kolar with only one year of formal schooling but she could read and study the New Testament. She was so alert and bright, the staff made it possible for her to attend school. Sister Sundramma, as Mrs. Rao came to be called, was an indefatigable student and a born leader. She finished high school, entered the hospital's school of nursing, and emerged a sister-tutor. Through the years Dr. Shoemaker has continued her close association with the little family. She and Miss Saunby shared their hill-station home with them during vacations. Sister Sundramma's son grew up to be a doctor, a graduate of the Christian Medical College at Vellore; his sister, Saroja, a graduate nurse, is the wife of the hospital administrator in Kolar.

As the hospital grew, Dr. Shoemaker developed into a specialist in many kinds of surgery. She fostered full co-operation among its doctors, nurses, and staff. She has maintained close ties with other Christian hospitals and medical colleges in India and feels that she has learned much from colleagues in various parts of the sub-continent. In the last few years she has served as secretary of the All-India Methodist Medical Council.

Esther Shoemaker played an important role in India's history as her adopted country made the transition to a great republic. Many of her pupils and associates have gone out to positions of leadership in hospitals, health centers, and other institutions. Evidently she has communicated her wholehearted dedication and Christian convictions to friends at home because the Women's Club of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, cited her as one of the state's outstanding citizens and the Governor of Pennsylvania named her "Pennsylvania Ambassador." She accepted this recognition as an honor to God and to all who labor in his service rather than to her personally. Her own life is a reflection of Paul's as he makes his profession to the Galatians: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." To this Dr. Shoemaker adds, "We doctors are only instruments in the hands of God. He alone re-creates and heals."

## MARY CULLER WHITE

“**H**ow did you happen to begin your missionary career as director of an industrial school? I never thought you were especially interested in that kind of work,” an old friend remarked to Mary Culler White as they reminisced.

Miss White chuckled, “Well, I was like the little boy who was pushed into the water and told to swim or drown. I had completed a short period of language study and was ready for my first appointment when Miss Williams, director of the industrial school, announced that she was marrying Dr. Parker, a leading member of our mission. I was assigned to take her place. I didn’t want the job. I had come to China to do evangelistic work, but Miss Williams said sweetly that she felt sure it was God’s will for her to marry Dr. Parker because I was there to take over. She got a husband, and I got a headache.”

Mary Culler White, now retired after forty-two years as a missionary in China, always had unusual experiences and ended up doing unexpected things. As a young girl in Georgia, she decided to be an artist. She went to Wesleyan College in Macon; she often boasts about its being the oldest chartered college for women in the world. There she majored in art and after graduation became an art teacher.

“I always thought you would stop painting pictures that the world does not really need and go to making lives that are so sadly needed.” This sentence in a letter written by a Christian worker to an artist friend challenged Miss White to full-time Christian work. It wasn’t easy to give up “painting pictures” but yes, it was better to help make lives. Having decided, she entered Scarritt Bible and Training School (later Scarritt College). By the time she was graduated, she felt that the greatest need for Christian workers was in China. She applied to the Woman’s Board of Foreign Missions, was duly appointed, and sailed on September 1, 1901.

She began as Miss Williams’s successor at the Industrial School, later called the Moka Garden Embroidery Mission of Soochow. She hoped to persuade all the women of the



embroidery mission to know Christ as a Savior but she also longed for the wider evangelistic work among the myriads of people on the outside. She invited the mothers of students of another Soochow mission school to the mission home for tea, but to her disappointment they did not come. The boys explained that their mothers could not afford to stop their embroidery work for the shops even for an hour. Miss White told them, "Let them come here to embroider. We will pay them more than the shops and give them a pleasant, well-lighted place in which to work." Thus the embroidery mission grew.

Prior to this time events happened in China that affected all missionary work. Dislike of foreigners which intensified following the "Opium War" of 1839-42, the loss of Formosa (now Taiwan) to Japan and of Tsingtao to Germany, the "concessions" held by foreign powers—all this erupted violently in the "Boxer" uprising of 1900. "Kill the foreign devils," became the Chinese slogan.

In North China 150 missionaries and thousands of Chinese Christians lost their lives. All China seethed with riots, but not all foreigners were hated. An incident in Soochow revealed the loyalty of some Chinese friends. Dr. W. H. Park of the men's hospital was greatly beloved. Despite the American consul's order to remain indoors, he set out to answer an urgent house call. When the rioters saw his curtained sedan chair, they yelled, "Foreign devil! Kill the foreigner!" and forced the chair to the ground. One of the mob tore off the curtains and saw Dr. Park. "It's not a foreigner, it's just Dr. Park," he called. Thereafter Dr. Park came and went as he pleased.

For months the rioting and killing continued; eventually the allied military forces were victorious and the "Boxer" movement collapsed. Even in the midst of war and bloodshed, the mission in Soochow expanded. A new boarding school for girls, later the Davidson Memorial School, was opened; a home for missionaries was built; the Moka Garden Mission continued to grow; the boys' schools overflowed; and a church was organized. A little later a training school for Bible women was started in East Soochow, followed by another boarding school for daughters of upper class families. The latter became the Laura Haygood Memorial School.

Results of Christian education appeared. Time-honored customs slowly changed. In spite of parental opposition, girls unbound their feet. Christians girls with "heaven given" (natural) feet began to excel in sports.

Shortly after Miss White's arrival in China in 1901, anti-

foreign riots, especially in Shanghai, broke out again. Consuls ordered missionaries in the interior to come to the International Settlement in Shanghai for safety. Some were reluctant to leave their posts even in this dire emergency. This was true of the Moka Garden missionaries who after consulting together, according to Miss White, "committed the matter to the Lord and went to bed. Early the next morning, two Chinese mothers entered the school just as the workers were praying for final guidance. 'We have heard,' they said, 'of the riots in Shanghai, and we have come to assure you that there is no danger here. We have no intention of taking our daughters out of school. We hope that all of you will "rest your hearts."' That settled it; we went on with our work while the trouble in Shanghai died out where it had begun."

Nationalistic spirit mushroomed into a full-blown revolution in 1911. In less than six months, China, the world's oldest empire, became the world's newest republic.

Good things and bad followed the revolution. The emancipation of women began, foot binding was made illegal, and men gladly cut off their queues. Sports were encouraged. Girls could walk on the streets unattended. A new day dawned for women in the church and a Conference Woman's Missionary Society was organized. As years passed, this group supported a free local school for poor children, held institutes for adult literacy, and engaged in relief work. It also pioneered in the far western Chinese province of Yunnan, in Manchuria, and even in Africa. Many young women became deaconesses and Bible women. Miss White helped to form this deaconess movement. She was also among the founders of the Student Volunteer Movement for young women which had branches in all the girls' schools of that region and held regular summer conferences. Local evangelism was carried on in every community in which there was a Woman's Society.

National affairs again affected religious work. In 1927, the Nationalist Party came into power with Chiang Kai-Shek as president. This wave of nationalism resulted in the transfer to the Chinese of administrative positions formerly held by foreign missionaries. Each school had to have a Chinese as principal; two-thirds of its board members must be Chinese. The missionaries had anticipated this day and in most places the transition to nationalist responsibility was accomplished easily.

Great changes were evident, none more significant than that of the women who moved from subservience to acknowl-

edged leadership. They became principals of schools, doctors, nurses, evangelistic workers, even lawyers and business executives. The church itself moved toward self-government, self-support, and self-propagation. In 1935, the Chinese Annual Conference celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Mary Culler White was influential in its development in the Soochow, Sinking, and other districts. Because of the numerous waterways, she rode her circuit in a crude houseboat, living among the Chinese, speaking their language, eating Chinese food and wearing Chinese clothes.

Again war clouds gathered. Japan used an "incident" as a pretext to seize Manchuria. In 1937 Japanese armies struck at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peiping, and at Shanghai. That same year Soochow fell. The mission buildings were occupied by soldiers. The city became a part of "occupied China."

When the Japanese invaded her neighborhood, Miss White started inland instead of fleeing to a port city. She wanted to remain with her Chinese friends and hoped she might hide with them in an out-of-the-way place, overlooked by the Japanese. With the Bible women and other close Chinese friends, she fled to Badeu, a hamlet where there was a capable, beloved Chinese pastor. She settled down in a house across the street from the church, hoping to do missionary work. Her hopes were doomed because the Japanese overran Badeu and occupied the town. The invaders threatened the missionary and her friends. Time and again she ward off capture of the women by her bravery. Calmly she checked the raiders with, "I am not afraid."

Finally it seemed that Mokanshan, miles away on a mountain, might be a safer place. The little band made the hazardous trip. Then refugees by the hundreds poured into this former mountain resort. "Five thousand Chinese refugees on a steep cone-shaped mountain, with the Japanese army in front, the Chinese army behind, and me, a lone American, in the midst of them." For eight months in 1938, Miss White remained in this beleaguered spot. Many of the refugees were destitute, and looked to her for protection.

Finally the day came when a sum of \$300 for supplies purchased locally had to be secured or all relief would stop. Miss White says, "That night when I prayed I offered one petition that sounded irreverent, but the words sprang involuntarily from the depths of my heart. 'Three hundred, O Lord!' I prayed, 'three hundred dollars by three o'clock



tomorrow afternoon and no mistake.' A philanthropic woman's club in Shanghai had tried to send help, but this had been delayed in a city some seventy miles from Mokanshan. The mountain was completely blockaded. On the morning after I prayed, suddenly three messengers arrived bringing money. They had dared to run the blockade, and by God's help they had arrived. That afternoon at three o'clock I took the bag of money down to the committee room and put it on the table, saying to those non-Christian men: 'Here is the sum we need plus two hundred extra. Gentlemen, God is alive.' "

For months Miss White lived through emergency after emergency until her strength gave way and she was ordered to Shanghai by the doctor. On the way, bandits boarded the canal boat on which she traveled and took everything: her own belongings plus the valuables entrusted to her by others. She grieved over the robbery. "Those Chinese bandits were in a way *my* fellow-countrymen. I was thoroughly ashamed of them."

From Shanghai, Miss White came home on furlough. It was not a happy time because she was afraid she would not be allowed to return to her beloved China. Finally, however, she received permission and sailed from San Francisco on October 4, 1940. Three days later all American women and children in the Orient were advised to return home at once. Miss White was at sea, headed for China.

Back in Shanghai, she was present at the Uniting Conference of the three branches of Methodism. She saw two Chinese bishops elected. Machinery was set up to operate the church; the Chinese Woman's Society of Christian Service could carry on its work even if every missionary was driven out.

After Pearl Harbor, Miss White and all other missionaries became "enemy aliens." Each day there was some new regulation to comply with, a questionnaire to be completed, or a permit to be secured. In a few months all aliens were required to wear red calico armbands indicating their nationality. Fifteen months later Miss White was interned.

During internment, Miss White hoped to find time to write. Through the years, whenever she could snatch a few minutes, she had recorded her experiences and those of her Chinese friends. She expected to use this time of inactivity to complete her manuscript but the writing went very slowly. Grueling camp duties kept her busy. She was not mistreated, but inadequate food, crowded conditions, no privacy—all these things wore her down.

Rumors came that internees were to be exchanged for an equal number of Japanese civilians interned in America. Miss White was alarmed. She wanted desperately to stay in China. Also, she knew the Japanese commandant would never permit her to take her precious manuscript out of the camp. Unlike most of the internees, she hoped her name would not be on the exchange list.

Our State Department decreed otherwise. "Women and children first; elderly people second," read the orders. "That got me on two counts," Miss White commented, "I was one of the fifteen hundred Americans chosen from camps all over Asia to be repatriated on the second trip of the *Gripsholm*." Weakened by camp life, distressed about leaving China, worn by repeated interrogations, she was literally too tired to feel anything when she was pushed out of China and put on a Japanese ship.

Crowded almost to suffocation, the fifteen hundred Americans spent a month traveling to Goa, a neutral port in Western India. There they were transferred to the luxurious *Gripsholm* which had brought the same number of Japanese to this point of exchange. Then the *Gripsholm* headed home with the Americans.

Miss White is now retired, but is not idle. She lectures, teaches Bible and mission study courses, leads revivals, and writes. To young people who seek her advice about going into mission work in these unsettled times, she exclaims, "Yes, emphatically yes, provided you are a secure Christian and feel that the mission field is the place where God wants you to be."

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